The Columbian.

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THE DAWNING OF THE YEAR.

When the snowflakes of December robe
the earth in spotless white,
And the stars in dazzling beauty decorate
the wintry night,
We watch the old year vanish like a
ghost into the past,
To the music of the sleighbells and the
dirges of the blast.
We bless it for its kindness and we sigh
above its dead,
Across the heart graves it has left most
solemnly we tread;
But we turn with hope and gladness as
we brush away a tear
To pleasures which still hidden lie within the glad New Year.

When it dawns in all its glory we shall
put the past away,
And, trusting in its coming, greet its
bright, initial day.
The sun will burst in grandeur on the era
that it brings,
And loves unknown today will touch the
heart's melodious strings.
Oh, when it breaks upon the world may
every mist depart,
And may its bells ring joyously in every
human heart;
For everywhere on land and sea the millions wait to cheer
The banners which in splendor wave
above the glad New Year.

I can almost see its footsteps in the soft
and fleecy snow
And hear its wondrous anthems as its
bells swing to and fro,
For Father Time is standing 'twixt the
new year and the old,
He rings for one a parting dirge, for one
the chimes of gold.
Aye, in the crisp, clear night he stands,
a smile upon his face,
And wishes joy, the while he rings, for
all the human race;
For in the sweet tones of the bells what
heart can never hear
The promises of peace that crown the
dawning of the year?

—New York Clipper.

A LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

This is the 30th of January, 1871, said Dame Madeleine, laying down her knitting with a serious look in her brown, shriveled face, like one about to tell a strange story. I'm 91 years old today. I have lived to see many wonderful changes. I have seen the French at Berlin and the Germans in Paris, and now I thank the God that these good old eyes of mine can see but little more evil in this world.

It is seldom enough that I stir from home now, for my own limbs are not so lissom now as they used to be in the days of the great emperor, when I danced down all the village girls at our fete of Paques (Easter) and New Year's eve and prayed for the soul of our young lord, Henri de Mortemar, for it was upon that day that he sinned his greatest sin, and sorely indeed was he punished for it. May God have mercy upon his soul! You say you would like to hear the tale? Well there are not many gentlemen who would care to sit and listen to an old woman's idle stories, so if you're good enough to wish to learn it you shall have it, and welcome.

There's but little remaining now of the old chateau of Mortemar, and if monsieur the marquis could come back to it he would hardly know his own home again, for when the people rose up in 1793 they scarcely left one stone upon another. You can just see a half burned corner of one of the towers, and that's all. But in the days before the revolution what a place it was! Such feasting all day long! Such music and dancing and gayety of every kind! Such troops of servants in rich liveries, and fine gentlemen with laced coats and silver belted swords, and beautiful ladies with powdered hair, and glittering with jewels like the shrine of the Holy Virgin in the cathedral yonder. But to pay for all this splendor we of the people had to make soup out of nettles and to go without fire in winter, and that's why I'm glad the times are changed now.

M. Henri was the only child, but his father, the great marquis, had adopted a young lady, the daughter of an old friend of his who had been killed by his side at the battle of Minden. These were all that lived in the house, but there were always plenty of young gentlemen from the neighborhood hanging about the chateau—and well there might be when such a pretty girl as Mlle. Adela was in it. It would take a good hour to tell you of all her admirers, but the two gayest and wildest of them all were Gaston de St. Cyr, and Raymond de Mericourt, whom they used to call the Black Eagle.

Holy St. Joseph! What a wild set they were, those young madcaps! I can remember as if it were yesterday (though I was only a child then) how they used to racket about the streets of the town at night, kissing every pretty girl they met and pricking every quiet old burgher with their swords till he jumped and hallooed like a dancer at a fair. It was no use complaining, for no one dared to touch a gentleman in those days, and once, when the mayor ventured to object to their doings, they answered by hanging a dead dog at his door with a piece of paper in its mouth saying, "A ton tour, mon frere!" (In your turn, brother.) Little did they dream, then, that their own friends and kinsmen were to be hung along those streets in the very same way only a few years later."

But there was one among the roisterers so different from the rest that he quite put me in mind of that picture of St. Antoine among the demons which hangs above the font in our church. This was young Armand de Courval, who had been bred up for the church, only his elder brother died suddenly and left him heir to the family property. But every one said he would have done much better for an abbe than for a lord, he was so grave and so gentle and so quiet, hardly ever speaking or lifting his eyes from the ground. Our wild young gentlemen used to make fine fun of him, as you may think, but he bore it all without a word, till at last they got tired and left off.

Now, of course, there was a good deal of talk in our neighborhood about the young lady and her admirers, and plenty of guesses were made as to who would be the man. Some said it was M. Henri, while others declared that, having been brought up together like brother and sister, they would never think of each other in any other way. Most people were for M. de Mericourt, and indeed it wouldn't have been easy to find a handsomer or a bolder man if he only had not been so terribly wild, but just then a thing befell which gave us all something else to think about.

It was terribly hot all over France that summer of 1788, and the older men shook their heads and said that if we didn't get some rain soon it would be all over with the harvest. This was bad news for us poor folks, who had little enough to live on anyhow, but upon it came another piece of news that we liked still less—namely, that several dogs of the neighborhood had gone mad and were running about the country biting every one whom they met.

Now, one evening about that time Mlle. Adela went out to stroll among the trees by the riverside, which was a favorite walk of hers. All at once there came bursting through the bushes a huge black dog, raving mad, with its tongue lolling out and the foam flying from its open jaws. She shut her eyes and sank helplessly to the ground, too much terrified even to scream.

Just then, when all seemed over, out from behind a tree (where he had been reading all the afternoon) sprang Armand de Courval, the scholar, the dreamer, the man at whom every one laughed. He ran right at the savage brute, weaponless as he was, flung his coat over its head, so as to blindfold it for an instant, and then quick as lightning seized and hurled it bodily into the river.

When the other gentlemen heard what had happened, they were greatly amazed, as you may think, and praised his courage up to the skies, but he only said: "Why do you extol me? Give the praise to God, who helped me." And then he slipped away, as if he didn't want to hear any more of it.

But the next day Mlle. Adela came to him as he sat in a nook of the great eastern window and said very earnestly:

"M. de Courval, I can never thank you enough for your bravery. I think few of these gay cavaliers who make sport of you would have faced such a death half so well."

But De Courval only smiled a sad, sweet smile, such as one might fancy on the face of a martyr when the flames are rising fast around him.

"Ah, my child," said he in his soft, low voice, "it is better to be doing good than to live doing nothing."

And for several days after that our young lady was strangely silent and thoughtful.

The summer passed, and the autumn passed, and as winter began to draw on every one made his preparations for the Jour de l'An (New Year's day), which, as you know, is our great day in France. There used to be a great fete every year at the chateau of Mortemar, and this time it was to be even grander than usual, for monsieur the marquis had invited friends from all parts and had announced that he should give a feast on New Year's eve to all the tenants on his estate, of whom my mother was one.

So then the young gentlemen began to talk about getting up some kind of show to amuse the tenantry, and M. Henri, who was always foremost in every kind of fun, cried out:

"Hark ye, gentlemen, these good people say we're wild as devils, so suppose we take them at their word. We'll dress up as demons and treat them to a demon dance."

The others shouted with laughter and said it would be just the thing; but Armand de Courval shook his head.

"For heaven's sake, my friends," said he, "don't make a jest of such things! You know"—

"We know that you have a right to be shocked, my dear abbe," broke in M Henri, laughing, "but it can't matter much for poor sinners like us. I'm sure if satan himself likes to come and head our dance he'll be heartily welcome."

New Year's eve came at last, and the tenants were there in their best clothes, my mother and I among them. The great courtyard had been covered in with canvas and warmed by a big fire at each end, and there we had our supper. Monsieur the marquis and our young lady went out among us to see that we had enough, while the rest sat at the windows and looked on.

When supper ended, there was a sudden burst of wild music. Up went a curtain at the end of the yard, disclosing a stage painted to represent the depths of a forest, and out came M. Henri and his two friends, dressed as demons, and began dancing and hallooing and waving burning torches till they scared us children so that we cried as loud as they did.

The fine folks at the windows clapped their hands and applauded lustily, but all at once somebody cried out:

"I thought there were only three of them. Who's the fourth?"

And when we looked, there, sure enough, where there had only been three dancers a minute back, there seemed now to be four. But no one could tell exactly what the fourth was like, for he flitted about like a shadow, now here, now there and sometimes seeming to be everywhere at once.

Then a strange horror fell over the whole assembly, and every one saw in his neighbor's face the terror that was upon his own. The lights burned blue, and the air suddenly became foul and stifling, like the air of a charnel vault. And as the courtyard grew darker a pale, dismal light, like a half quenched fire, began to rise over the stage, showing us that the faces of the dancers had grown haggard and ghastly and that their dancing was like the writhings of men in mortal agony. Many of the great ladies, who had always mocked at such things and believed neither in God nor the devil, fainted outright, and the boldest of the gentlemen were little better.

Then, amid all the tumult and terror, forth came M. de Courval. Up he went on to the stage, and, lifting his calm, commanding face above the tortured visages of the doomed men, said solemnly:

"Stranger, if you are of mortal mold come forward and meet me like a man. If you are a spirit of evil, begone in the name of him who died for us all."

There came a clap of thunder that seemed to rend the very sky, and all was dark as night, but through the darkness and the silence wailed a low, dying groan. When the light came again, all the gay guests were huddled together like scared sheep, while the three dancers lay prostrate upon the stage, with their dresses all scorched and blackened as if by lightning, but the terrible fourth was nowhere to be seen.

Monsieur the marquis sprang upon the stage and called to his son, but Henri made no answer. He was dead. It fared even worse with M. de Mericourt, for he, the bold, high spirited, reckless cavalier, was a hopeless idiot ever after, crying and cowering like a frightened child. As for Gaston de St. Cyr, the shock sobered him once for all. Thenceforth he devoted his life to good works, and died long after in a foreign land, reverenced like a saint.

"And the young lady?" ask I, as Dame Madeleine pauses.

"She married M. de Courval six months later, and went away to America, where they lived many years, working manfully for their own living and beloved by all who knew them, and only two years ago their grandson (he's an officer in the American army, and such a fine fellow) came over to see the place where his ancestors had lived, and seemed quite pleased to find old Madeleine still alive and hearty. So, you see, monsieur, the good can bring good out of evil, after all."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEW YEAR'S IN SCOTLAND.

Superstitions Regarding the First Caller of the Year.

It is an exceptional thing for a Scottish family to go to bed on Hogmanay. On the contrary, they sit up waiting for the "first foot," or the one who is the first to put his foot over the doorsill after the clock has struck 12. Refreshments have been prepared and are kept in readiness on tables decorated as elaborately as possible.

There are many superstitions connected with "first footing." The most marked of these has to do with the luckiness or unluckiness of "first foots." It is generally believed that the prosperity or adversity of any family is due to the "first foot" of that year. So strong is this belief that when it is known that a reputed unlucky person intends to "first foot" a family all sorts of schemes are resorted to in order to prevent it. A lucky friend is besought to get there first, or a member of the family stands outside the door to enter as soon as the moment arrives.

But all this is done with the greatest delicacy, so as not to violate the stringent laws of hospitality or offend in the least the unlucky "first foot."

The lucky "first footers" are friends and wellwishers, a kind man, a good man, a sweetheart, people who spread out their feet, those who were born feet first, a man on horseback, a man with a horse and cart. Unlucky "first footers" are thieves, pigeontoed people, cripples, deformed or weakminded folk, a stingy man, an immoral man, a hypocrite, the hangman, a gravedigger or an undertaker, a midwife, all who were suspected of dealing in witchcraft, those whose eyebrows meet and men with red hair.

There is always great rivalry among the young men for the honor of "first footing" the home of the reigning belle. Excitement runs high when four or five athletic young men reach such a house before the hour has struck. It is the wise youth who incites his companions to a bout at wrestling to decide the disputed question, and himself steps over the threshold on the stroke of the hour while the others roll and tumble out in front.—New York Herald.

In England Long Ago.

Dunbar, in his poems, greets James IV thus:

My Prince in God gif the guid grace,
Joy, glaidnes, comfort and solace,
Play, pleasance, myrth and mirrie cheir
In hansell of this guid New Yeir,

and Scott, in "Ane New Yeir Gift to the Quene Mary, Quhen Scho Come First Hame" (1561), says:

To seiss thy subjectis so in luf and feir
That rycht and reasoun in thy realme may rule,
God gife thee grace agains this gude New Yeir

—Selected.

New Year's Bells.

Ring in the new year with gladness,
Ring out the old with a tear;
There's always a feeling of sadness
As we witness the death of a year,
A year so swift in its fleeting.
With sorrow we watch its last hour,
Then give the new one a greeting
From the bells in each steeple and tower.

A sigh for the year that is dying,
A tear where the memory dwells,
Then banish the past with its sighing
And list for the voice of the bells.
The song of thanksgiving and pleasure
That welcomes the birth of an hour,
The soul stirring, vibrating measure,
That rolls out from each steeple and tower.

Afar o'er the night shadowed city
The surges of harmony roll.
In anthem triumphant or ditty,
They lighten the sorrowing soul.
A voice from each country and nation
Responds to the jubilant hour
And joins in the wild exultation
Of the bells in each steeple and tower.

A thought for the dead, calmly sleeping,
Below in earth's dreary gloom;
No song of thanksgiving or weeping
Can pierce their dull ears in the tomb.
But above, where all heaven rejoices,
And heralds with praise every hour,
They greet with sweet welcome the voices
That ring out from each steeple and tower.

—Boston Globe.

THE WESTERN FARMER.

It Is a Great Race That Is Peopling the Plains and Prairies

Dr. Albert Shaw says, in an article in the Century, on "The Trans-Mississippians and their Fair at Omaha: When one bears testimony to the fineness and beauty of all this array of machinery—a beauty that lies in the ever-increasing perfection of its fitness for the conditions that have to be met—one is really paying a tribute to the brains, energy and character of the Western farmer. I have been on the Hungarian plains and witnessed the costly attempts of a progressive government to teach the landowners and peasants the use of improved farm machinery imported from America or else adapted from American types. And I have also observed—what is confessed by the government and noted by all who visit those regions—the persistent fact of scores of men, women and children in the corn-fields with old-fashioned hoes, while long rows of white-tunicked men, in the hay-field or the ripe grain, are swinging sickles and short scythes. And a little later in the season it is common enough to see the oxen treading out the grain or to hear the thud of the descending flail. Meanwhile, the new-fashioned corn-plows are rusting; the rejected mowing and reaping-machines rot in their neglected corners; and the threshing-machine is viewed askance as an ill-omened monstrosity.

It is all simply a difference in men. It is a great race that has peopled our prairies and plains, and that is producing corn, wheat, and oats by the thousands of millions of bushels where only a few years ago there was the ancient matted sod of the prairies, unbroken for centuries. The men who drive the gang-plow, ride the sulky-cultivator, manipulate the twine-binder and send millions of horned cattle, hogs and sheep to the packing establishments of Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago are to be credited with a series of achievements worthy not merely of respect, but even of enthusiasm. I cannot for a moment doubt the ability of such men to rear a fine and varied fabric of civilization upon so great a material foundation.

A Daily Incident at the Postoffice.

Enter Mamie Blank—"Any mail for me?"
"Nothing to-day."
"Anything for Mr. John Blank?"
"No."
"For Sallie Blank?"
"No."
"Jennie Blank?"
"No."
"Susie Blank?"
"No."
"Harry Blank?"
"No."

Exit Mamie Blank, followed, one at a time, by Sallie Blank, Jennie Blank, Susie Blank, and Harry Blank, each of whom puts the amiable party at the window through the same rigid examination. Could you blame the postoffice people for occasionally saying "Blankety blank."

The Lewistown "Gazette" says that by the use of milk and pumpkin seeds a tape worm over seven feet long was removed from a young son of John B. Keller of that town. As the lads age is only 4 years, it is believed he is the youngest child known to be afflicted in this manner.

Save the Pennies, the Dollars will take care of themselves.

A DOLLAR

Will do as much as two at this store now.

Every Suit,
Every Overcoat,
Every Storm Coat,
Every Boys' Reefer,
Every Hat,
Every Tie,
Every Shirt,
Every Sweater, Etc.,
At and Below

ACTUAL :=: COST.

Hundreds of SHOE BARGAINS are here for men, boys, women and children. A small lot of $3 and $4 women's Shoes still here.

Gidding & Comp'y,
THE WHITE FRONT,
BLOOMSBURG.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYONE.

There are few things more embarrassing than to be a recipient of a gift where you have not been a giver. Have you been placed in that predicament? Don't worry,

A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

from our store will fix matters up and give you an easy mind. We always carry good stocks and you will find what you want in our

Carpet and Furniture Departments.

We have a number of tasty Screens, Tabourettes, Fancy Tables, which we will move quickly with the lever of low prices. They are good goods, but, as we are just now commencing to take inventory, we don't want them on our list.

Fancy Rockers.

We can give you a bargain in, this week. Manufacturer was to have them in our store Dec. 1st. In the rush they were delayed. To induce us to take them he gave 15 per cent. reduction in the price, and to induce you to take them, we add another 15 per cent, and you can buy the chairs at 70 cents on the dollar, as compared with former selling price.

Fancy Mirrors and Pictures.

Same old story. Bought too many, and want to make them move. Will not a low price enhance their beauty to you?

Dry Goods Department.

Lots of odds and ends we find as we take inventory. Prices will be low, rather than to carry them into the Spring stock. Some Fancy Handkerchiefs, Towels, or Linens, might suit you for New Year's gifts.

Toys.

We had a good business. The few we have left will go for cost. We want their room for our new departments.

Grocery Department.

Weren't those Grenoble Nuts fine? All who ate them say our assertion as to their being cheaper, weight for weight, than the 12½ct. sold elsewhere, was strictly true. Try a sample pound. For the New Year's dinner try our fine Mixtures at 2 lbs for 25c. They are fine. Everything fresh and good in this department. We replenish twice a week, so as to not have stale goods.

The Leader Store Co., Ltd.,
Fourth and Market Sts.

ARIZONA NEW YEAR'S

HOW THE RECKLESS COWBOY CELEBRATES THE DAY.

Exhibits His Skill In Roping Cattle. The Call to Dinner—Help Yourself From Roasted Quarters of Beef. Dancing In the Evening.

Roughly lettered posters of wrapping paper for weeks had announced that a cowboy tournament and fiesta Mejicana would be held on New Year's day at Agua Caliente.

Two races, each of four heats, have been run in the morning, when the faint popping of a six shooter, supplemented by a distant roar of "Grub! Oh, grub!" announces the hour for dinner. Spectators and racers rush back to the plaza.

Back of one of the principal saloons, between it and the base of the mountain, a long trench has been dug and filled with mesquite wood, burned to clear, red coals. Over these coals, resting on well soaked green poles, quarters of beef have been roasting for the last 12 hours. These quarters are hung in the different verandas, and from them each man cuts such portion as seems good to him and retires to eat it, together with whatever provisions he may have brought with him, while in the burning sun of the plaza the Indians and dogs dispute for and gorge themselves on the refuse.

Soon there is a general movement toward a corral at the foot of the plaza, where the principal business of the day, from a sporting standpoint, is to begin. For a week the founders of the feast have been collecting cattle suitable to their purpose, and the cottonwood pole corral is as full of them as it will hold.

Twenty feet in front of the corrals a long line has been drawn in the sand, then an interval of 40 yards and another. A little to one side the timekeeper, watch in hand, sits on his horse. The first contestant, in this case a handsome young Mexican, places himself with his back to the corral, and the fore hoofs of his pony just toeing the first line.

The bars are lowered and a long legged red cow is allowed to escape. Across the space she runs like a greyhound. The instant she crosses the second line the vaquero plunges in his big spurs and starts in pursuit, his riata whistling around his head. The cow points straight for a growth of scrub, as though she knew that no lariat could be thrown in such a place. The little horse gains on her rapidly. Before she has made more than a third of the distance to her goal he is at her flying heels. Then the rope flies out so quickly that the eye can hardly follow it, but the cow makes a quick turn and gallops on, still free.

The Mexican makes no second attempt. The loss of time caused by his first failure would prevent his winning the coveted prize. So he sulkily withdraws, and his place is taken by another, who sits with straining eagerness as a gray bull is sent careering across the dead line.

"Off fore foot," he cries as his pony springs forward. Then follows a quick cast, a couple of turns around the saddlehorn, and the horse braces back, tucking his head well down to keep it out of the way—while the bull, his flight suddenly arrested, turns a half somersault and lands on his back, caught by the leg his captor has named. Securing the line, the man dimounts and runs toward his prey as fast as his high heels will allow. It struggles fiercely, but the pony is far too well trained to let the bull rise, and, with a tightening of the lariat, neatly foils every attempt. The captured fore leg is quickly made fast to a hind leg—"hog tied"—and then the cowboy holds up his hand to show that it is completed.

The judges having pronounced that the animal is properly secured, the time taken to accomplish the feat is entered and another man tries his skill.

The twilight comes at last. Dusk is soon followed by darkness in these latitudes, and hardly has it fallen when the strains of rude music announce the opening of the great social feature of the day, the ball. The ballroom is the whole upper floor of the hotel. The walls are of rough adobe, the floor of unplaned planks. From the rafters of the flat roof hang all the lanterns that can be borrowed in the neighborhood—that is, within a radius of ten miles—and candles burn on bits of board stuck in the interstices of the sun baked brick of the walls. Benches of planks laid across boxes line three sides of the room. At one end of the hall, on a rough stage erected there, sit the musicans. There are three of them, all Mexicans, one playing a squeaky fiddle, the other two guitars. All of them wear their hats and smoke crooked cigarettes of brown paper as they play.

There are about 20 girls, many of them pretty and all of them dressed with a neatness and taste quite remarkable when one considers their limited resources. About the same number of older women complete the feminine contingent, and all are in demand, for the men number a hundred or more.

The men are all dressed for the occasion, each in the manner that happens to suit his fancy. Many retain their spurs, in which they are popularly supposed to sleep. One young fellow is especially swell, wearing a white shirt and red necktie under a long black cutaway coat, and clad as to his nether man in the leather "chaps" of the cowboy, with the jingling "petmakers" still fast to his high heeled boots.

Dance follows dance in rapid succession. The measured pounding of the feet as they noisily caper over the resounding boards almost drowns the music. It is thoroughly enjoyed until nearly daybreak, when the company disperses. Horses are saddled, blankets unrolled, and soon, save for the snarling of the coyotes as they quarrel over the remains of the supper, the little village is silent. —Philadelphia Press.

BIRDS OF PEACE IN WAR.

How the Homing Pigeon is Used to Bear Messages from Our Warships.

A series of most interesting experiments has been made during the past five or six years with the pigeons at the Naval Academy. There has been no appropriation for this work, and the loft has been conducted by private contributions from officers at the Naval Academy, and has been managed entirely by several officers and professors at Annapolis, who have given over their time and their labor in the hope of convincing the people at Washington of the desirability of the service. Prof. Marion, an instructor in French at the Naval Academy, who has studied the habits of homing pigeons most carefully, has had most to do with this work, and to him perhaps the greatest credit is due for the ultimate success of the scheme. Lieut. Austin M. Knight, United States Navy, and Edward W. Eberle have also devoted some time and attention to the question, and have published papers in the proceedings of the Naval Institute which have called the matter to the attention of the officers in the service, most of whom have through this means been shown the value of the plan. During last Summer 18 pigeons made a total of 110 flights.

Lieutenant Knight writes concerning them:

"Let us consider the case of a fleet entrusted with the defense of that part of our coast from Block Island to the capes of the Delaware. Whatever position might be taken up by such a fleet, there would be thrown out many miles beyond it a line of light, swift vessels as scouts, and upon the rapidity with which these vessels could communicate with the inner line and with the shore would depend, in a large measure, the success of the defense. Suppose a vessel of this outer line to discover an enemy's fleet standing to the westward; she would hasten toward the squadron of defense or toward the nearest point of the coast from which it might be possible to communicate with the squadron with Washington and with the cities threatened, and if not overtaken by the enemy's cruiser or by a shell from a battleship, and if she did not break down, she would ultimately communicate the fact that at a certain time—already long past—the enemy's fleet, of unknown strength, was standing in from some unknown point on the coast. Let us suppose now, that instead of hastening off herself she could dispatch a number of pigeons, with the certainty that they would carry the news quite as surely as she could carry it, and far more quickly; and that then, holding the enemy in view, she could follow his movements, and from time to time send off new messengers with particulars of his strength, his course, and his apparent intentions. It is not difficult to see the immense value of a system which promises the possibility of such service as this."

In view of these facts it will be interesting to note some of the over-water possibilities of the homing-pigeons. They have been taught to regard a ship as their home, and thus their services can be utilized both ways; but their greatest usefulness for naval purposes will be the carrying of messages from ships to the shore. The distance one of these birds will fly over the water to the land is still uncertain; but it is thought to be about one hundred and fifty miles. During a series of experiments one bird was kept over three weeks in confinement on board a ship, and when liberated was some two hundred miles from its cote; yet it returned in good time and condition. This last was an important experiment, inasmuch as it showed that homing-pigeons can be kept on board a ship for several weeks at a time; and yet retain their strength of wing and ability to find their way home. During the experiment very few birds were lost, which establishes the practical certainty of their messenger service.

In speed they are excelled only by the telegraph and the telephone. One hundred and fifty-one statute miles have been made in three hours and fifty minutes. In Belgium one bird covered a distance of two hundred and fifteen miles at the rate of over seventy miles an hour. The average speed, however, is much lower than this; forty-five miles an hour, for short distances, being usually considered good time.

The messages are fastened to the leg of the bird or tied lengthways underneath the tail feathers.

During the siege of Paris, 1870-71; as many as forty thousand messages were safely borne into the city by a single pigeon at one journey. When the messages reached their destination they were enlarged by photography and read.

The ability of the pigeon to find its way home is commonly supposed to be due to instinct. This is only partly true, for the greater part of this homing faculty is developed by careful training. When the bird is about three or four months old and has become thoroughly familiar with its home, it is taken a mile from the cote and "tossed." The next time it will be taken about three miles. The different training stages are usually one, three, six, twelve, twenty-one, thirty-five, fifty, seventy-five and one hundred miles from the bird's home. At the end of three years careful training a bird can be "tossed" five hundred miles from its native cote with some prospect of its finding its way back. However, only about one bird out of fifty can be trained to return home from a distance of five hundred miles.

WASHINGTON.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26th, 1898.

Gingerly as the War Investigating Commission handled Gen. Miles, who shocked them at the beginning of his testimony by declining to be sworn, he managed to say that much suffering in the Santiago campaign was the result of General Shafter's failure to obey orders; that the Commissary General was inefficient, and to twit the commission for not having "got onto" the "embalmed" beef sent to his men in Porto Rico, against his protest, in order that contractors, favored by the War Department, might pocket big profits. He, also, by his answer to several questions (he was not allowed to make a general statement) made it plain that the ignoring of his recommendations by the War Department had resulted in much unnecessary suffering.

***

The trusts are to be directly represented in the Cabinet. Mr. E. A. Hitchcock, of Missouri, now Ambassador to Russia, who was nominated to succeed Mr. Bliss as Secretary of the Interior, and confirmed by the Senate a few minutes before adjournment for the Christmas recess, is the head of the plate glass trust and a multi-millionaire.

***

The administration has decided that 50,000 more volunteers may safely be mustered out, and it will be done as fast as possible.

***

The Hull bill, which ought really to be known as the Alger-Corbin bill, for recognizing and increasing the regular army, has been reported favorably to the House by a strict party vote in the Military Commmittee. The five Democratic members of the Committee are opposed to the bill and will prepare and submit a bill of their own, which will be offered as a substitute.

***

The House Committee on Appropriations loses two of its members to furnish Governors for Texas and for Pennsylvania. Before Congress adjourned for the Christmas recess the Committee unanimously adopted resolutions setting forth the esteem of the Committee for Hon. Joseph D. Sayers, Governor elect of Texas, and Hon. Wm. A. Stone, Governor-elect of Pennsylvania. The Sayers resolution was one of the strongest ever adopted under similar circumstances. He has been a member of the Committee for twelve years, during two of which he was its chairman, and has left a record that any man would be justified in being proud of.

***

Under the lattitude allowed in debate when the House is in Committee of the Whole, Representative Williams, of Mississippi, made a strong speech against the annexation of the Philippines, which he declared would be a mistake, whether viewed from a social, a political, or a material standpoint. Frequent applause from his Democratic colleagues showed which way their sympathies were. After stating that the Islands should not be returned to Spain, Mr. Williams said: "I should leave the Islands where they were the day after Dewey's glorious victory at Manila. I should haul down the American flag. I am for the flag for what it means, not for itself. It is nothing but a piece of bunting, and when some one announces that it must not come down, I care not how high his station, he says something unworthy of himself and his country. The flag should come down, if it is right that it should do so, and the American people must pull it down. We would not let any other country do it."

***

Senator Butler, of North Carolina, has given notice of his intention to offer an amendment to the pension appropriation bill that will give Confederate soldiers and sailors precisely the same status under the pension laws as those of the United States. Mr. McKinley's original proposal was to assist in the care of the Confederate dead; then Representative Rixey, of Virginia, introduced his bill to open all Government Soldiers' Homes to needy and crippled Confederates, but Senator Butler's proposition is the most astonishing of all.

***

Gen. Henderson, Chairman of the home Judiciary committee, to which Representative Bailey's resolution for investigation and report as to whether any member of the House had forfeited his seat by accepting office under government, asked the House to order the resolution referred to the committee on Rules, and it was done.

The members of the Committee on Rules are Speaker Reed, Henderson, of Iowa, and Dalzell, of Pa., Republicans and Bailey, of Texas, and McMillin, of Tenn., Democrats.

***

Ex-Senator "Joe" Blackburn, who was in Washington when Congress adjourned for the noliday recess, said of a gentleman who is conspicuously before the country, just now, by reason of his opposition to the expansion policy of his party; "I have known Senator Hoar for over 25 years, and in all that time have never been quite able to fix his status in my mind; to decide whether he was an able and disinterested patriot or the meanest type of a bigoted, narrow, hypocritical Puritan that God ever let live. I know that he is the one or the other; he does not occupy any middle ground but for the life of me I cannot yet say under which classification he should be placed. He has kept me guessing all these years, and I will frankly confess that I am no nearer to a solution of the problem than I was 25 years ago. I am almost inclined to give it up."

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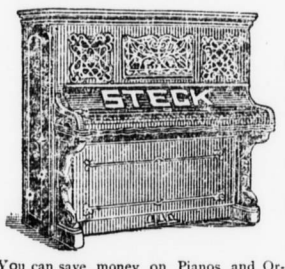

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TID-BITS FOR MA' HONEY!

and tender little juicelets for the children, are all right, but papa and "the boys" want a good, big, juicy steak, roast or chop when business or school duties are over, and we can cater to them all. Our stock of prime meats is unexcelled for quality, and we send them home in fine shape.

J. F. KEIFER.

THE DEVELOPMENT

of Bloomsburg, notwithstanding the late financial and business depression.

HAS BEEN PHENOMINAL.

Its permanence and prosperity are now assured.

The Bloomsburg Land Improvement Company now offers for sale the most desirable lots for residences and business purposes to be had in this town, at moderate prices and upon easy terms.

A SMALL PAYMENT

down and small monthly payments thereafter will secure a lot.

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Bloomsburg Land Improvement Company.

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THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb	$ .22
Eggs per dozen	.24
Lard per lb	.08
Ham per pound	.09
Pork, whole, per pound	.06
Beef, quarter, per pound	.07
Wheat per bushel	.80
Oats " "	35
Rye " "	.50
Wheat flour per bbl	4.40
Hay per ton	9 to $10
Potatoes per bushel	.60
Turnips " "	.25
Onions " "	1 00
Sweet potatoes per peck	.25
Tallow per lb	.05
Shoulder " "	.09
Side meat " "	.08
Vinegar, per qt	.05
Dried apples per lb	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.12
Raspberries	.12
Cow Hides per lb	.3½
Steer " " "	.05
Calf Skin	.80
Sheep pelts	.75
Shelled corn per bus	.60
Corn meal, cwt	1.25
Bran, "	.95
Chop "	.95
Middlings "	.95
Chickens per lb new	.08
" " " old	.08
Turkeys " "	.12½
Geese " "	.14
Ducks " "	.08

COAL.

No. 6, delivered	2.60
" 4 and 5 "	3 85
" 6 at yard	2.35
" 4 and 5 at yard	3 60

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NEW YEAR GAMES.

Old Fashioned Amusement to Wind Up the Holiday.

The old fashion of game playing seems to be left to children nowadays, in spite of the merry frolics that memory can recall. But in holiday time the most staid and stately are willing to be foolish for the sake of the little ones, and then all games, new and old, are welcomed.

Did you ever try "brothers of pity?" Sheets of newspapers are twisted into hollow cones so as to completely cover the heads of the players. Two small oval holes are cut in each cap so that only the eyes of the wearer are seen. Six or eight people put on these caps and sit in a row, with a big sheet or tablecloth held in front to conceal the whole of their bodies. These brothers are set in a good light, and the rest of the company is then brought into the task of guessing their names. The fun lies in the fact that one's nearest and dearest is often a little doubtful as to the color of one's eyes, and much laughter is provoked when "mother" does not recognize "father" nor sisters their brothers.

The "game of moods" is a good one. A person is sent from the room, and the rest agree to answer his questions in a particular tone—rudely, patronizingly, absently, lovingly or as they decide. On his return he questions each player in turn, and when all have answered in the chosen mood he must guess what the word is. If he guesses wrong, he must go round again, but each must spare no pains to make the mood clear.

"Hunt the whistle" is an old favorite, but it can only be played once at the same party, since all but one know the secret. A player is led blindfolded into a ring of chairs on which all the others are seated. A deft hand fastens a small whistle to the back of the blind victim by means of a long string with a hook at one end of it.

For this whistle he must hunt, the others catching it and blowing it at every turn, and the effort to discover its whereabouts is often long delayed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

This Tells of One, but It Happened on Christmas.

Speaking of Christmas cheer, new year resolutions and mended ways, here is a little story that embraces them all.

"It comes from the lower walks of life," as the story teller would put it—those walks that the dainty woman of good fortune seldom sees the dismal and intricate windings of. But it is down among these winding ways that I think the echoes of the Christmas chimes and the hope that comes from the beautiful Christmas story mean most when they are heard, and so I will tell it.

There was small promise of a happier day than usual in the little two rooms "back" where an industrious little woman—what her name is does not matter—and her three tiny children, all as neat as new pins, sat and waited. Waited—for what?

It was Christmas eve, and there is always plenty to wait for on that eve—even Santa Claus himself might come! But the waiting in the little two rooms "back" was of the anxious sort. It was for an unsteady footstep. Holidays always meant that the footstep would be just a trifle more unsteady than at other times.

It was presently heard—just as the faintest sound of the chiming bells stole up to the two rooms "back"—but it was a lighter and more sober tread than the industrious little woman and her three neat toddlers had heard for a long time. It was the step that was the outcome of a good resolution made just a little in advance of the new year and in time to make Christmas day very bright for all in the two rooms "back."

There was a tiny Christmas tree next morning for the children, who had been hurried into bed as soon as the footsteps were heard in the court below, and there was a turkey for all, and "all that with the turkey goes."

This was a year ago and now a few days over. The little industrious woman does not do so many "family washings" nowadays as formerly, and when she took home her last small bundle of beautifully ironed linen to its owner on the Christmas eve that has just gone her face looked very rosy and smiling, for she said: "The children will have a good Christmas tomorrow. John he hasn't drank a drop for this night one year."—St. Louis Republic.

New Year In China.

New Year is the national pay day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy, says an exchange. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases if there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan. New Year is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the new year. There are crowds also who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.—Omaha World-Herald.

The New Year.

Here's a Happy New Year!
Sunshine's in the sky.
Join the throng
And swell the song
That comes a-floatin by.

Wear a smile fur strangers;
Welcome all yer kin;
Carve the roast
And give a toast
To folks that happens in.

Wish we all may prosper
In whate'er we do.
An we must
Ef each'll just
Help the others through.
—Washington Star.

IN COUNTY KERRY.

The Jolly Irishman Makes Merry on New Year's Day.

The celebration of New Year's is a most important festival everywhere in Ireland, but perhaps nowhere more so than in Kerry. There it is the day of fairs and steeplechases—lazy, knowing looking donkeys being the principal participants in the latter—and it is the day on which the itinerant fakir bases all his hopes of selling lead for silver and washed copper for "pure 18 carat gold."

At 6 o'clock on New Year's eve the saucepans and "piggins" in the little thatched cottages are reflecting their gala day polish and the holly and laurel and ivy on the window sills are doing their best to outshine the sprigs of mistletoe that brighten the old kitchen ceiling. Wax candles of all sizes and colors (having soft sods of turf for candlesticks) adorn the upper windows of the house and light the way of the traveler along the "boreen" or through the mountain intricacies. Flitches of bacon are set aside; luckless chickens ("poor crathurs") have their heads taken off; broad griddle cakes and round oven cakes are baked over the warm turf fire with surprising rapidity, and children are set at stoning raisins for the New Year's cake.

They have a pretty custom in Kerry in connection with this. If a member of the family has died or has emigrated to America or the colonies, a cake is made and stamped with the name of the absent one.

Midnight mass is celebrated in the country chapels, and a more picturesque sight can hardly be conceived than when hundreds of country men and women, clad in their brightest and gayest, make their way along the roads, some on foot, some in donkey carts and some in the jaunting cars which are the pride of every Kerry heart.

After mass the worshipers become revelers, and along the road to their homes they sing New Year's carols and beat improvised drums. As they go members of the party knock at the doors on the way, screaming: "Get up, lazy bones! You've slept since last year!" The man of the house gets up and gives the visitors a "dhrap o' the crathur" or a bowl of goat's milk and "holiday cake," and they sing his praises until they get to the next house, but woe to the inhospitable one who refuses them entrance, for the peculiarities of himself and his wife are enlarged upon, and every mean tale that tradition has gathered about the family is rehashed and given utterance to.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

NEW YEAR'S IN ROME.

How the King and Queen of Italy Receive Their Guests.

At Rome the 1st of January assumes additional importance from the fact that it is the day on which King Humbert and Queen Margherita present annual gifts to their relatives and to the members of their household, and inasmuch as they are both of them very generous and seem to know by intuition just what will give most pleasure to the recipients the festival at the court of the Quirinal is characterized by an appearance of infinitely greater enjoyment and happiness than obtain either at Vienna or at Berlin. The king and queen stand on the dais under the canopy in front of their chair of state in the throneroom to receive with due formality the various parliamentary, military, judicial and administrative delegations commissioned to lay at the feet of their majesties the good wishes of the various bodies which they represent.

But as soon as this is over the king begins to stroll about the various apartments, and a good deal of freedom and abandon prevail until the supper hour is announced. The royal party then march in procession to a small supper room and with the embassadors and their wives take their places at tables adorned with that magnificent golden plate for which the house of Savoy is so famous, while the remainder of the guests rush pellmell and in a very undignified fashion to the buffets, which are literally taken by storm and quickly devastated, as far as everything in the nature of food or drink is concerned.—Philadelphia Press.

The Coming Year.

The new year can be likened unto a blankbook of 365 pages, which has been placed in our hands. What will the book contain at the end of the year? Some pages will be stained with tears. Some will be crumpled as if clutched in despair. Some will contain words of hate and anger, which will burn the page whereon they are written. Other pages will be filled with the record of "something accomplished, something done," which has "earned a night's repose." There will be the record of battles fought, and at the end of the year we can turn back and see when we have conquered, when we have lost. There will be written upon these pages in letters of gold an account of the self sacrifices, loves and faithful devotions.—Selected.

Varying New Year Dates.

In all Christian countries it is now nominally celebrated on the 1st day of January, but this day in the Gregorian calendar occurs 12 days earlier than in the Julian. For this reason Russia and Greece, which still go by the Julian calendar, celebrate Jan. 1 on our Jan. 13.

Many of the ancient nations began their new year on Sept. 22, at the autumnal equinox. The Romans reckoned, until the time of Julius Cæsar, their new year from the winter solstice. The Jews, to this day, begin their new year at a date which, roughly speaking, corresponds to our September.—Selected.

The Swearing Off Vice.

Bilkeys—I'm going to swear off on the 1st of January.

Silkeys—Oh, pshaw! I thought you were going to break all those bad habits.—Chicago News Record.

Old Time Treatment in Northumberland County.

We take the following from the Dushore *Review*. It was handed to that journal by one of its subscribers who copied it from the records of Northumberland county:

"Northumberland, August Sessions, 1784.

At a Court of General Sessions of the Peace held at Sunbury for the County of Northumberland the fourth Tuesday of August, 1784 before John Buyers Esquire.

Respublica vs. Joseph Disbarry } Indicted for felony the Defendant being arraigned.

Pleads not guilty and jury drawn and being sworn upon their oaths. Respectfully do say that the said Joseph Disberry is guilty of felony where off he stands indicted.

Judgement that the said Joseph Disberry receives thirty-nine lashes between the hours of eight and nine o'clock to-morrow; to stand in the Pillory one hour; to have his ears cut off and nailed to the Post; to return the property stolen, or value there of; to remain in prison three months; to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the Honorable the President of this state for the support of Government. Stand committed until fine, fees, and cost are paid.

Worth Nearly Half a Million.

The appraisers of the estate of the late Balser Weber, the Howard merchant who died recently, have filed their statement at Bellefonte, which shows the deceased to have left personal property to the value of $199,077. In addition there is real estate which will bring the estate of the deceased up to almost $250,000. Balser Weber was an illustration of what a young man with determination can do in this country. He landed from Germany in 1849 with but $2.50 to his name, but at once went to work at anything he could get to do. First tanning, then peddling and finally drifting to Howard, where he engaged in the mercantile business in 1858, continuing there until his death. In that time he amassed a fortune of $250,000. The appraisment shows in holdings an aggregate of 2,750 shares of railroad and bank stock, worth at par $150,000. The entire estate is bequeathed to the five surviving children.

Schley Was Upset.

Even heroes get upset. Admiral Schley, a few nights ago was the guest of a large part of Philadelphia—of as much of it as could fill one of the theatres. He sat in a box with the handsome and benign Colonel McClure, and every movement he made was watched by the thousands in the place. If he took a glass of water they applauded. If he bowed to an acquaintance they applauded. If he smiled they applauded. In fact, the whole evening was an incessant ovation.

But Schley's defeat came at the end of the second act. He arose with his usual grace and started to the next box to call on friends, but he had not taken two steps before a deep bass voice from the upper gallery rolled forth. "Let's all go out and take a beer," placing the accent on the "all." The hero collapsed, sank in a chair and shook with laughter, while the audience shrieked.—*Ex.*

Like the historic ghost that will not down, the question of a new county, to be formed of the southern part of Luzerne and the northern part of Schuylkill, is being discussed with much earnestness and intensity of feeling. The Pottsville people and the Southern Schuylkill people are, of course, displeased. They want to retain all of their territory and claim that there is no immediate reason for the change. The Schuylkill voters who want the new county declare that it is too far and too expensive for them to continue going to Pottsville to attend court.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular perscription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredents is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best. 1m

When trolley cars with naught to warn
Along the aisle way jerk us,
Until we trod some fellow's corn,
It's sad to watch the sir-cuss.
—L. A. W. *Bulletin.*

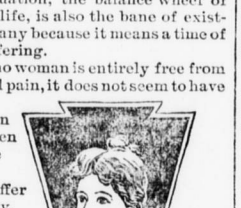
The True Wife.

A blessed thing to have is one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and worst in us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us and laughs at us behind our backs; who will give us counsel and reproof in the days of prosperity and self-conceit; but who, again, will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight our own battles as we can.—Charles Kingsley.

An Atchison woman hides her money in the family Bible, and in a married life of twenty years her husband has never found any of it.—Atchison *Globe*.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here's proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice. —MISS JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

HUMPHREYS'

WITCH HAZEL

OIL

C Piles or Hemorrhoids
U Fissures & Fistulas.
R Burns & Scalds.
E Wounds & Bruises.
S Cuts & Sores.
Boils & Tumors.
Eczema & Eruptions.
Salt Rheum & Tetters.
Chapped Hands.
Fever Blisters.
Sore Lips & Nostrils.
Corns & Bunions.
Stings & Bites of Insects

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c. and $1.00.

Sold by druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

12-22-4t.d.

One Dose

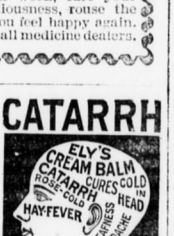
Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

A LOCAL Disease
A Climatic Affection
Nothing but a local remedy or change of climate will cure it.
Get a well-known SPECIFIC

CATARRH



COLD IN HEAD

Ely's Cream Balm
It is quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages.
Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine. No Mercury. No Injurious drug. Full size 50c; Trial Size 10c, at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.
In Effect August 1st, 1898.

STATIONS.	EAST. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
NORTHUMBERLAND	6 35	1 50	10 00	5 50
Cameron	6 38	.....	.....	6 03
Chulasky	6 43	.....	.....	6 07
Danville	6 57	2 12	10 21	6 13
Catawissa	7 03	2 26	10 32	6 28
Rupert	7 09	2 31	10 36	6 33
Bloomsburg	7 15	2 36	10 41	6 39
Espy	7 23	2 42	10 46	6 45
Line Ridge	7 30	2 48	.....	6 52
Willow Grove	7 34	2 52	.....	6 56
Briarcreek	7 38	.....	.....	7 0
Berwick	7 54	3 01	11 04	7 0
Beach Haven	7 58	3 07	.....	7 1
Bick's Ferry	8 01	3 13	.....	7 2
Shickshinny	8 14	3 24	11 30	7 4
Hunlock's	8 27	3 34	.....	7 6
Nanticoke	8 35	3 42	11 45	7 5
Avondale	8 43	3 46	.....	8 0
Plymouth	8 45	3 51	11 52	8 05
Plymouth Junction	8 50	3 55	.....	8 11
Kingston	8 57	4 02	12 00	8 18
Pennetons	9 01	4 06	.....	8 21
Forty Fort	9 03	4 10	.....	8 24
Wyoming	9 08	4 16	12 08	8 28
West Pittston	9 12	4 21	.....	8 32
Susquehanna Ave	9 15	4 24	12 14	8 36
Pittston	9 19	4 29	12 17	8 40
Duryea	9 23	4 34	.....	8 44
Lackawanna	9 26	4 37	.....	8 48
Taylor	33	4 45	.....	8 57
Bellevue	9 38	4 50	.....	9 07
SCRANTON	9 42	4 55	12 35	9 12

STATIONS.	WEST. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
SCRANTON	6 00	10 05	1 55	5 40	
Bellevue	6 05	.....	.....	.....	
Taylor	6 10	10 15	2 03	5 50	
Lackawanna	6 18	10 23	2 10	5 58	
Duryea	6 22	10 26	2 13	6 02	
Pittston	6 28	10 41	2 17	6 06	
Susquehanna Ave	6 32	10 35	2 20	6 10	
West Pittston	6 26	10 39	2 24	6 14	
Wyoming	6 41	10 44	2 29	6 19	
Forty Fort	6 46	.....	..	.....	
Bennett	6 50	10 52	2 36	6 30	
Kingston	6 56	10 56	2 42	6 56	
Plymouth Junction	7 00	.....	2 47	.....	
Plymouth	7 04	11 05	2 52	6 43	
Avondale	7 09	.....	2 57	6 47	
Nanticoke	7 14	11 13	3 02	6 50	
Hunlock's	7 20	11 19	3 10	6 58	
Shickshinny	7 31	11 30	3 24	7 10	
Hick's Ferry	7 44	11 43	3 35	7 25	
Beach Haven	7 53	11 48	3 42	7 32	
Berwick	8 00	11 54	3 49	7 38	
Briarcreek	8 06	.....	3 55	.....	
Willow Grove	8 10	12 04	3 59	7 49	
Lime Ridge	8 14	12 09	4 04	7 53	
Espy	8 21	12 15	4 11	8 00	
Bloomsburg	8 28	12 22	4 17	8 07	
Rupert	8 34	12 27	4 23	8 13	
Catawissa	8 40	12 32	4 28	8 18	
Danville	8 55	12 47	4 42	8 31	
Caulasky	.....	.....	4 49	.....	
Cameron	9 05	12 57	4 54	8 41	
NORTHUMBERLAND	9 20	1 10	5 08	9 0	
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamanend, Tamaqua Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. & R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium Warren, Corry and Erie.

W. F. HALLSTEAD, Gen. Man., Scranton, Pa.

SOUTH.— ARRIVE.	B. & S R. R. STATIONS.	—NORTH LEAVE
a m | a.m. | p m | p.m.		a m | p m | p m | a m
7.10 | 11.45 | 6.30 | 2.15	Bloomsb'g.	8.34 | 2 40 | 6 45 | 6.10
7.08 | 11.40 | 6.26 | 2.0	" P. & R.	8.36 | 2.42 | 6.47 | .....
7.03 | 11.37 | 6.24 | 2.28	" Main st.	8.39 | 2.45 | 6.50 | .....
6.53 | 11.27 | 6.13 | 1.50	Paper Mill.	8 48 | 2.54 | 7.01 | 6.37
8.50 | 11.23 | 6.09 | 1.45	Light St.	8.52 | 2.59 | 7.05 | 6.50
6.40 | 11.13 | 5.59 | 1.30	Orangeville.	9.02 | 3.10 | 7.14 | 7.10
6.29 | 11.01 | 5.48 | 1.00	Forks	9.10 | 3.20 | 7.24 | 7.35
6.25 | 11.00 | 5.44 | 12.53	Zaner's	9.14 | 3.24 | 7.28 | 7.45
6.18 | 10.45 | 5.37 | 12.45	Stillwater	9.20 | 3.30 | 7.33 | 8.00
6.08 | 10.48 | 5.27 | 12.3	Benton	9.30 | 3.40 | 7.43 | 8.30
6.04 | 10.40 | 5.22 | 12.10	Edson's	9.34 | 3.44 | 7.47 | 8.40
6.02 | 0.38 | 5.20 | 12.08	Cole's Cr'k.	9.37 | 3.47 | 7.51 | 8.46
5.53 | 10.32 | 5.13 | 11.53	Laubach	9.47 | 3.57 | 8.01 | 9.00
5 43 | 0.23 | 5.03 | 11.45	Central	9.57 | 4.07 | 8.11 | 9.25
5 40 | 10.20 | 5.00 | 11.30	Jam. City	10.00 | 4.10 | 8.15 | 9.35
a m | a m | p m | p m		a m | p m | p m | a m
ARRIVE		LEAVE

LITERATURE

W. D. Howells

Henry James

Rudyard Kipling

Edmund Gosse

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Pennsylvania Railroad.

Time Table in effect Nov. 20, '98

Scranton (D & H) lv	A. M. $ 6 45	A. M. $ 9 30	P. M. $ 2 18	P. M. $ 4 27
Pittston "	7 18	10 0	2 40	4 52
Wilkesbarre lv	A. M. $ 7 30	A. M. $10 15	P. M. $ 3 12	P. M. $ 6 00
Plym'th Ferry "	† 7 38	10 20	† 3 21	† 6 08
Nanticoke "	7 46	10 27	3 30	6 17
Mocanaqua "	8 04	10 45	3 50	6 37
Wapwallopen "	8 13	10 55	3 58	6 47
Nescopeck ar	8 24	11 10	4 10	7 00
Pottsville lv	A. M. $ 6 00	A. M. $	P. M. $12 35	P. M.
Hazleton "	7 18	11 35	2 00	5 30
Tomhicken "	7 25	11 25	2 20	6 10
Fern Glen "	7 34	11 34	2 28	6 18
Rock Glen "	7 43	11 40	2 35	6 25
Nescopeck ar	8 07	.....	3 00	6 50
Nescopeck lv	A. M. $ 8 14	A. M. $11 10	P. M. † 4 10	P. M. $ 7 00
Creasy "	8 33	Via	4 18	7 09
Espy Ferry "	† 8 45	Rock	† 4 25	7 18
S. Bloomsburg "	8 47	Glen	4 30	7 23
Catawissa ar	8 55	12 30	4 36	7 30
Catawissa lv	8 55	12 20	4 36	7 30
S. Danville "	9 14	12 38	4 55	7 47
Sunbury "	9 35	1 00	5 17	8 10
Sunbury lv	A. M. $ 9 45	P. M. $ 1 10	P. M. $ 5 45	P. M. $ 9 25
Lewisburg ar	10 15	1 45	6 18	.....
Milton "	10 10	1 39	6 14	9 50
Williamsport "	11 00	2 20	7 10	10 40
Lock Haven "	11 30	3 40	8 07	.....
Renovo "	A. M.	4 40	9 00	.....
Kane "	.....	9 05	.....	.....
Lock Haven lv	P. M. $12 10	P. M. $3 45	.....	.....
Bellefonte ar	5 05	4 44	.....	.....
Tyrone "	5 15	6 00	.....	.....
Phillipsburg "	4 23	8 26	.....	.....
Clearfield "	5 07	9 09	.....	.....
Pittsburg "	6 25	11 20	.....	.....
Sunbury lv	A. M. $ 9 50	P. M. $ 1 15	P. M. † 5 25	P. M. $ 8 31
Harrisburg ar	11 30	3 20	6 55	$10 10
Philadelphia ar	P. M. $ 3 00	P. M. † 6 13	P. M. $10 20	A. M. † 4 20
Baltimore "	3 11	† 6 00	8 45	6 35
Washington "	4 10	† 7 15	10 25	7 25
Sunbury lv	A. M. $10 05	P. M. $ 2 45	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc ar	P. M. 12 05	$ 4 23	.....	.....
Pittsburg "	$ 6 25	711 35	.....	.....
Harrisburg lv	A. M. $11 45	P. M. 5 50	P. M. † 7 35	P. M. $10 20
Pittsburg ar	P. M. $ 6 55	11 30	$ 2 00	A. M. $ 5 30

$ Weekdays. Daily. † Flag station.

Pittsburg lv	P. M. † 7 55	P. M. † 8 30	A. M. † 2 30	A. M. † 8 00
Harrisburg ar	A. M. † 2 00	A. M. † 3 45	P. M. † 9 10	P. M. † 3 10
Pittsburg lv	.....	A. M.	.....	A. M. † 8 00
Lewistown Jc "	.....	† 7 30	.....	P. M. † 3 05
Sunbury ar	.....	† 9 18	.....	† 5 00
Washington lv	P. M. 10 40	A. M.	A. M. † 7 50	A. M. 10 50
Baltimore "	11 55	† 4 75	† 8 50	12 00
Philadelphia "	11 20	† 4 30	† 8 30	12 25
Harrisburg lv	A. M. † 3 35	A. M. † 8 05	A. M. †11 40	P. M. † 4 00
Sunbury ar	† 5 05	† 9 40	1 10	† 5 40
Pittsburg lv	P. M. $12 45	.....	A. M. $ 2 50	A. M. $ 8 00
Clearfield "	4 09	.....	.....	9 31
Phillipsburg "	4 56	.....	.....	10 12
Tyrone "	5 15	.....	† 8 10	12 30
Bellefonte "	8 31	.....	9 32	1 42
Lock Haven ar	9 30	.....	10 30	2 43
Erie lv	P. M. † 4 30	A. M.	A. M.	P. M. .....
Kane "	† 7 55	.....	† 6 25	.....
Renovo "	11 16	† 6 40	10 30	.....
Lock Haven "	11 58	† 7 33	11 35	† 3 00
Williamsport lv	A. M. 12 55	P. M. † 8 30	A. M. †12 40	P. M. 4 06
Milton "	1 50	9 19	1 27	4 52
Lewisburg "	.....	9 05	1 15	4 47
Sunbury ar	2 21	9 45	1 55	5 20
Sunbury lv	A. M. $6 10	A. M. † 9 55	P. M. † 2 00	P. M. † 5 43
S. Danville "	6 33	10 17	2 21	6 07
Catawissa "	6 54	10 35	2 37	6 24
E. Bloomsburg "	Via	10 42	2 43	6 32
Espy Ferry "	Rock	† 10 47	2 47	† 6 36
Creasy "	Glen.	10 56	2 55	6 46
Nescopeck ar	8 07	11 10	3 10	6 59
Nescopeck lv	A. M. $ 8 14	A. M. †11 10	P. M. †4 15	P. M. † 7 08
Rock Glen "	† 7 56	11 35	4 40	7 31
Fern Glen "	7 47	11 43	4 46	7 37
Tomhicken "	7 58	11 54	4 55	7 46
Hazleton "	8 22	P. M. 12 18	5 15	8 05
Pottsville "	11 30	2 08	6 25	.....
Nescopeck lv	A. M. † 8 07	A. M. †11 10	P. M. † 3 10	P. M. † 7 08
Wapwallopen ar	8 18	11 22	3 19	7 17
Mocanaqua "	8 28	11 32	3 30	7 27
Nanticoke "	8 48	11 54	3 50	7 47
Plym'th Ferry "	† 8 56	P. M. 12 02	4 00	7 55
Wilkesbarre "	9 05	12 10	4 10	8 05
Pittston (D & H) ar	A. M. † 9 39	P. M. 12 49	P. M. † 4 52	P. M. † 8 36
Scranton " "	10 08	1 18	5 20	9 05

† Weekdays. ‡ Daily. f Flag station.

Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars run through trains between Sunbury, Williamsport and Erie, between Sunbury and Philadelphia and Washington and between Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the west.

For further information apply to Ticket Agents.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway

Engines Burn Hard Coal—No Smoke

In effect July 1, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE BLOOMSBURG

For New York, Philadelphia, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, weekdays 11.30 a. m.

For Williamsport, weekdays, 7.30 a. m., 3.40 p. m.

For Danville and Milton, weekdays, 7.30 a. m., 3.40.

For Catawissa weekdays 7.30, 8.38, 11.30 a. m., 12.20, 3.40, 5.00 6.30, p. m.

For Rupert weekdays 7.30, 8.38 11.30 a. m., 12.20, 3.40, 5.00, 6.30, p. m.

For Baltimore, Washington and the West via B. & O. R. R., through trains leave Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, 3.20, 7.55, 11.26 a. m., 3.46, 7.37, p. m. Sundays 3.20, 7.55 11.26 a. m., 3.46, 7.37, p. m. Additional trains from 24 and Chestnut street station, weekdays, 1.35, 5.12, 8.23 p. m. Sundays, 1.35, 8.23 p. m.

TRAINS FOR BLOOMSBURG

Leave New York via Philadelphia 8.00 a. m., and via Easton 9.10 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia 10.21 a. m.

Leave Reading 12.15 p. m.

Leave Pottsville 12.30 p. m.

Leave Tamaqua 1.49 p. m.,

Leave Williamsport weekdays 10.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Leave Catawissa weekdays, 7.00, 8.20 9.10 a. m. 1.30 3.40, 6.08

Leave Rupert, weekdays, 7.08, 8.28, 9.18 11.40 a. m., 1.28, 3.50, 6.20.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

In effect Oct. 4, 1898.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut street wharf and South Street wharf for Atlantic City.

WEEK-DAYS—Express, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 4.00, 5.00 p.m. Accom., 8.00 a. m., 6.30 p. m. SUNDAYS—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a. m. Accom., 8 00 a. m., 4.00 p. m.

Leave Atlantic City, depot, WEEK-DAYS—Express, 7.35, 9 00 a. m., 3 30, 5.30 p. m. Accom., 8.15 a. m., 4.05 p. m. SUNDAYS—Express, 4.00, 7.30 p. m. Accom., 7 15 a m., 4.15 p. m.

For Cape May, Sea Isle City and Ocean City. Weekdays—9.00 a m., additional for Cape May, 4.15 p. m., for Sea Isle City, 5.00 p. m., for Ocean City, 4.15, 5.00 p. m. Sundays—Chestnut street 9.15 a. m., South street, 9.00 a. m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen'l Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Permanent Positions.

For a few men and women who have plenty of energy and business ability, to hire and superintend agents. $40 a month and all expenses from the start. P. W. Ziegler & Co., 328 Locust St., Phila. 11-24-14t.

The Columbian.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

The Columbia Democrat,

ESTABLISHED 1837. CONSOLIDATED 1869.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

Bloomsburg, the County seat of Columbia County, Pennsylvania.

GEO. E. ELWELL EDITOR.
D. J. TASKER, LOCAL EDITOR.
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THE COLUMBIAN,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1898.

Samuel H. Ashbridge was nominated yesterday by the Republicans for Mayor of Philadelphia.

Judging from the way that many of the Republicans are going for Col. Bryan, they are just as much afraid of him now as they were before.

It is said that the continued wrangling has delayed the work to such an extent that the new State Capitol will not be ready for the session of the Legislature, on Tuesday next.

The Quay Case.

If the Hon. Mathew Stanley Quay were simply a private citizen—if he were even merely a senator of the United States whose term was about to expire, and who had announced his determination to retire to private life at its end—the general public would have comparatively little concern in his efforts to avert or postpone indefinitely a trial of the grave charges which have been brought against him. It would be had enough in that event—this spectacle of a man who had received at the hands of his party and his state the highest political honor within their gift resorting to every trick and device within the range of technicalities of the law to prevent the determination of his innocence or guilt. But Mr. Quay is a candidate for re-election to the senate of the United States. * * * * * The question of his innocence or guilt of the serious charges which have been brought against him is an intimate and pressing concern of every one whom he would force into the ranks of his constituency as a senator, and, before he asks them to accept him as their representative in the senate for a further term of six years, they, one and all, have a right to know, by judicial determination, whether he is innocent or guilty of these charges. It is to this effect that the public sentiment of the state has been developed. Senator Flinn has elaborated this expression of feeling in these words: "My advice to Senator Quay is to clear himself of these charges before he asks the Republicans of Pennsylvania to vote for his re-election to the honorable office of United States senator." and this advice is so wholesome and so reasonable that, if Mr. Quay persists in refusing to follow it, the Republican members of the legislature should enforce its counter efforts by refusing to go into caucus. From more than one section of the state come indications that such will be the course pursued by a sufficient number of the Republican members of the two houses to prevent Mr. Quay from taking even the first step toward another term in the senate by securing a caucus endorsement.—Philadelphia *Telegraph.*

Gave Mrs. McKinley a Brick.

"Aunt Martha," an old colored woman, at Atlanta, will probably get a place in the White House kitchen. When Mrs. McKinley, in deference to the wishes of the jubilee crowd, rode in an open carriage and braved the cold and damp, with great risk to her health, many persons expostulated with her. Her equipage had just passed under the jubilee arch, and was compelled to stop on account of the crush when Aunt Martha advanced from the crowd with a bundle under her arms and said to Mrs. McKinley: "Missus, its too cold for you to be out today, and I'se brought you a hot brick to keep your feet warm," adjusting the brick at the same time. So touched was the wife of the President that before she left Atlanta she tendered her a place in the White House.

When Fools go to Law.

A Mercer county farmer sold another two dressed hogs. Each farmer weighed the porkers on his own scales and there was a difference in weight of a few pounds, amounting to twenty seven cents. The men became stubborn and the matter could not be adjusted. Suit was brought and the case has gone through the squire's hands, been tried before court and still the parties are not satisfied, and it will come up for trial again at the next court. Thus far the costs, aside from that for the attorneys, amounts to $450.

LET ALL GOOD MEN UNITE.

If any good is to be derived from the recent struggle of the Democrats and Independent Republicans for honest government in Pennsylvania, it will have to come through a close union between them. Standing by themselves, the Democrats can accomplish nothing; and the Independent Republicans, being far less numerous than the Democrats, have just so much less chance of accomplishing anything if they stand out by themselves.

There ought to be a concert of action between these two anti-Quay forces in the Legislature, and this should at once be followed by a close union of all opponents of the anti-Quay machine in the State. This union should extend to all future campaigns involving State issues, and be kept up till Quay's treasury plundering organization should be broken and scattered.

Should there be concert of action in the Legislature, the Democrats, being much more numerous than the Independent Republicans, would in fairness be entitled to the lion's share of such positions as might be secured; but this being a matter of secondary importance, it ought not to be permitted to prevent a union. The Democrats ought to have the nominee for United States Senator, and the Independent Republicans should have such positions of influence in the Legislature as would show that Quay's predominence on "the hill" had come to an end. His followers will fall away from him in troops whenever they find him powerless to control the Legislature. They have no admiration for him, for he has neither talents nor other traits of character to excite admiration. He has held them simply by "the cohesiye power of public plunder," and whenever they find this power loosened they will fall from him like rotten plums from a well shaken tree.

We have it stated that several Democrats, who make some pretention to be leaders, advise against union with the Independents. If we believe them to be sincere we must also believe them to be stupid. The Democrats can neither accomplish good now, nor sow seed that will bring forth good fruit in the future, by shutting themselves up inside of their own party organization, like a silkworm inside of a cocoon. The silkworm can multiply only by eating its way out and following the dictates of nature; and the Democratic party, having become a minority in the great State in which it once was the majority only by following the dictates of common sense and forming a liberal union with the large body of Independent Republicans who, like itself, seek to rescue the State from the leprous clutch of a political "machine" which has made the Capitol and Departments at Harrisburg a reeking cesspool and sink of iniquity.

No confidence should be placed on any professed opponent of Quay's who may propose to go into the machine caucus. Unless the indictments hanging over Quay scare him off the track, that caucus will nominate him, and every man who participates in it will vote for him, no matter what show of opposition he may begin with. Nor is Quay the only person who ought to be struck at. He is chief of the vicious gang, every member of which ought to be driven out of public life and out of active participation in politics. The interests of the Commonwealth require that this gang be broken up and individual members be deprived of political influence, and the honor of the Republican party demands that it be no longer dominated by these disreputable characters.

Let honest Democrats and honest Republicans combine for the public good, and let the combination last till the public good shall have been thoroughly subserved.—Carlisle *Volunteer.*

Pointed Paragraphs.

Promises make debts and debts make more promises.

Popular fallacies are more plentiful than popular facts.

Men who court trouble soon find themselves wedded to it.

You can't distinguish saints from sinners by their shiny hats.

There is no ailiment more difficult to cure than wilful ignorance.

The stars on an officer's coat often cause a girl to be a star-gazer.

Good fortune come to men oftener on foot than in a stylish carriage.

There's usually a vast difference in a man's worth and what he's worth.

Old Diogenes would have an anxious time of it in France at the present writing.

It's well to "know thyself," and it's just as important not to give thyself away.

The average man is always willing to help you celebrate anything at your expense.

The widow's husband has been buried, but the husband of the grass widow has merely been mislaid.

The man who lets his wife get up of a cold morning and light the kitchen fire will never set the world ablaze. —Chicago *News.*

Try the COLUMBIAN a year.

Last night during the absence of Rev. O. S. Metzler from home, robbers broke into the parsonage and ransacked the building. The Reverend was in Pottsville and did not return until 12:15 last night. When he arrived at his home he immediately retired. This morning before leaving the parsonage he discovered that the electric light was burning in the cellar, an unusual occurance. In going into the cellar he found that the shutter on the cellar window facing Chestnut Street had been broken open and that the house had been visited by thieves. He then went through the house but has discovered nothing missing. Mr. Metzler believes that the probabilities are that the thieves were scared away upon his arrival home.—Ashland *Local* Dec. 8.

Rev. Metzler is a former pastor of the Benton charge of the M. E. church, and is well known throughout this county.

Don't overestimate the big-heartedness of the man who for a week now will be so liberal with his cigars. They are from the box presented to him by his wife and likely cost $1.35 per hundred.

The World's Great
Blood Purifier is
Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Which absolutely
Cures every form of
Impure blood, from
The pimple on your
Face to the great
Scrofula sore which
Drains your system.
Thousands of people
Testify that Hood's
Sarsaparilla cures
Scrofula, Salt Rheum,
Dyspepsia, Malaria,
Catarrh, Rheumatism,
And That Tired
Feeling. Remember this
And get Hood's
And only Hood's.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarth if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor of Centtal Pres. Cnutch, Helena, Mont.

AFTER USING Ely's Cream Balm six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh.—Joseph Stewart, Grand Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

A 10c. trial size or the 50c. size of Ely's Cream Balm will be mailed. Kept by druggists. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

PUBLIC SALE.
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County the real estate of Reuben J. Kester, situate in the township of Greenwood, County aforesaid, will be exposed to public sale by the undersigned on the premises on

THURSDAY, JAN. 19th, 1899,

at 2 o'clock p. m. Two pieces or parcels of land bounded and described as follows to wit:

No. 1. Bounded by lands of Alfred Heacock, S. A. Bangs, I. D. Patton, E. Welliver, Ellis Derr, Virgil Robbins and others. Containing 49 acres and 130 perches of land, upon which are erected a full and complete set of

FARM BUILDINGS,

together with all necessary improvements to make it a most desirable home.

No. 2. Bounded by lands of George Heacock, Wesley Morris, William Cox, Michael Rance, Wm. E. Heacock and others. Containing

THIRTY-SIX (36) ACRES

and 18 perches, strict measure more or less.

TERMS OF SALE:—$2000 of the purchase money to remain secured in the premises by bond and mortgage with interest payable annually, and principal upon death of Mary Ann Kester. The balance payable as follows: 10 per cent. of ¼ upon striking down of the property, ¼ less 10 per cent. upon the confirmation of the sale, and balance in one year thereafter with interest from date of confirmrtion. AARON KESTER,
12-29 ts. Committee of REUBEN J. KESTER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF DELILAH BARTON, LATE OF BLOOMSBURG, DECEASED.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., to distribute balance in the hands of accountant, will sit at the office of Ikeler & Ikeler, in Bloomsburg, Pa., on Wednesday, Jan 18, 1899 at 10 o'clock a. m , to attend to the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties interested in said estate must appear, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
12-22 ta. FRANK IKELER, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, to distribute the funds in the hands of the Administrator of Susanna C. Hayman, late of Orange township, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, will sit to perform his duties at the office of C. W. Miller, Esq., on Saturday, January 7th, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m., when and where all persons interested are requested to present their claims against said estate or be debarred form a share of the same. CLEM R. WEISS,
12-15 4t. Auditor.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the Briarcreek Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company of Lime Ridge, Pa , will be held at the hall, Centre Grange, No. 56, P. of H. on January 9, 1899, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p; m. for the election of twelve directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. H. H. BROWN,
12-8 te Secretary.

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE.

XMAS GREETING.

Half the joys of gift making lie in the knowledge that your money has obtained full value. Our store is full of surprises, and no trash or old shop-worn goods.

$4.75 Buys a Suit of Clothes for father, brother, or grandfather.

$5.75 Buys a good Storm Coat, or Overcoat, warm and comfortable.

$3.00 Buys a good Storm Reefer, st rm collar. Good Chinchilla, well lined.

$1.95 Buys a pretty Veste Suit, for boys' wear.

19c. Buys boy's Knee Pants.

$3.00 Buys a Suit of our Double Seated, Knee and Elbow School Suit.

75c. Buys a Suit of Underwear, sold elsewhere for one dollar. They are good values.

25c. Buys an Outing Flannel Shirt or Cheviot.

House Coats from $3.50. Bath Robes from $3.00.

These are only a few of the bargains now being offered during the holidays. We invite a call from you and we are sure you will find our goods will please you, in quality, price and style.

At Townsend's Star Clothing House.

Holiday Life At This Store

At this time every storekeeper is disposed to say, "We have the largest and best stock." But is the saying so in an advertisement always the settlement of a fact? It is not *we* think, or what we want *others* to think, *but as it is.*

Year after year there is more common sense shown in the choosing of gifts. Useable things, that is the idea. And we use our wits to meet the demand in a liberal way. Useful things, to be sure, but beautiful as well.

China.

Our China you will find displayed through the centre of our store. We have never had such a pretty lot, or so much of it. We can give you at almost any price. Cups and saucers at 10c., plates at 10c. Usual asking price, double.

Silverware.

We have the same make of silverware we have always handled. Something that we can guarantee to you. 4-piece tea sets, from $4.50 to $10.00. These goods are worth a great deal more.

Pickle casters, sugar bowls, cracker jars, crumb trays, mugs for children, cake baskets, fruit baskets. Anything you need to make a table look nice, at prices one-third less than usual.

Dress Goods For Christmas.

Our Dress Goods stock is too heavy. It must be reduced by Christmas, and the way to do it is to lower the prices.

Dress Goods, worth 42c, at 29c.
" " 56c, at 44c.
" " 65c, at 58c.

Special lot of Dress Cloth, all wool, at 23c.

Ladies', Children's Coats and Capes.

From Tuesday of this week until Christmas we will make special prices on our Coats and Capes. These prices will save you money. Our stock is complete.

Unusual Linen Value.

We call your attention to our lots of Table Linen.

Worth 35c., 52 in. wide, at 25c.
Worth $1, 72 in. wide, at 75c.

Special Towels For Christmas.

A lot of figured Hucka Back Towels, large size, we have never offered under $1.00 per pair, we put on sale this week at 50c. the pair. Don't miss them.

Fine Damask Towels, hemstitched, worth 75c. each, at 49c. each.

Our Furniture Department.

White Enameled Iron Beds, brass trimmed, with springs to fit, from $3.50 to $15.00.

We will sell at these prices a short time.

28 different patterns in Fancy Rockers for Christmas, at prices that will save you money. We sell our Furniture with no extra expense. This accounts for our prices.

Christmas Offer.

You will find these goods displayed in the window next to the grocery department:

Handsome hand-painted hair receivers, plates, trays, candle sticks. These goods have never been sold for less than 60c. We put them on sale Wednesday morning at 25c. each.

Toilet bottles we sold last Christmas at 79c., we put on sale Wednesday morning at 39c each.

Footing and Laces For Hand'fs.

Ten different patterns and widths in footing totrim handkerchiefs.

Neat, pretty edges of lace, with inserting to match, in any quality.

Outings.

We will put on sale another lot of those nice, soft Outings, worth 10c. the yard, at 8c. the yard.

Umbrellas.

There is nothing so nice and useful for Christmas as an umbrella. 98c. for a steel rod Gloria Umbrella. Would be cheap at $1.50. We can please you. We show them as high as $7.00.

F. P. PURSEL.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

THE LEDGER MONTHLY

A $1.00 MAGAZINE FOR 50 CENTS.

A richly illustrated and beautiful periodical, covering the whole field of popular reading.

THE LEDGER MONTHLY is the marvel of the age for beauty and low price. With its **Artistic Lithographic Colored Covers, Superb Pictorial Illustrations, Serial and Short Stories by Leading Writers of the World, and Special Departments of Decorative Art, Embroidery, Home Employment for Women,** and, in fact, every **Department** of home improvement which adds to the economy and charm of home life, be it indoors or outdoors, the **LEDGER MONTHLY** is beyond question, and, according to

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS OF THE WHOLE UNITED STATES,

the most wonderful production for its price. Simply to see a copy of the **LEDGER MONTHLY** is to be firmly convinced that no such costly periodical has ever been offered to the public for so little money. Your sample copy will prove this to you.

Your Postmaster will show you a sample copy of the LEDGER MONTHLY and also take your subscription for the LEDGER MONTHLY for a whole year for only 50 CENTS.

Don't fail to ask your Postmaster to let you look at a sample copy, and you will be sure to give him your 50 cents for a year's subscription to the **LEDGER MONTHLY,** the Great **Family Magazine.**

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers,
160 Ledger Building, New York City.

HARPER'S BAZAR

S. R. Crockett

Katharine De Forest

Mary E. Wilkins

Brander Matthews

A thoroughly up-to date weekly periodical devoted to fashions for women, will be during 1899, as heretofore,

A MIRROR OF FASHIONS

Exclusive models of gowns from Paris, London, and New York will be published each week

The Paris Letter *By KATHARINE DE FOREST*
The London Letter *By a Special Correspondent*
The New York Letter *By ANNIE T ASHMORE*

will aid women in all those little points of fashion matters that are such helps keeping one dressed in good taste

Cut Paper Patterns of selected gowns will be furnished at a nominal cost.
Outline Patterns will be published free every other week in supplemeatary form.

COLORED FASHION PLATES

published once a month, will assist women in selecting the proper colors for dress

FICTION

Kit Kennedy *By S. R. CROCKETT*
The Meloon Farm *By MARIA LOUISE POOL*
A Confident To-Morrow *By BRANDER MATTHEWS*

are three serial stories to appear in 1899 that have seldom been equalled in plot and treatment.

SHORT STORY CONTRIBUTORS

Christine T. Herrick
Mary E. Wilkins
Ella W. Peattie
Marion Harland
Harriet P. Spofford
Margaret S. Briscoe
Caroline Ticknor
Ruth McEnery Stuart

SPECIAL ARTICLES TO APPEAR

The Busy Mother *By A. W. McCULLOUGH*
The Deaf Child *By Mrs. ANNIE RAMSEY*
Women Earning a Living *By HELEN DOUGLAS*
After College, What? *By ADALINE W. STERLING*

In addition to these there will be many others, all of instructive value to women.

A SPECIAL OFFER: FOUR WEEKS FOR **25** cts.

10 Cents a Copy *$4 00 a Year*

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York, N. Y.

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1898.

Entered at the Post Office at Bloomsburg, Pa. as second class matter, March 1, 1888.

Paper Free for One Month.

THE COLUMBIAN will be sent *free* to any person in the county, on receipt of the name and address on a postal. Don't be afraid to ask for it. You will get it only four weeks, unless ordered to be continued.

A Free Book.

Every subscriber who pays all arrearages, and one year in advance, will be presented with the Thrice-a-week *World* for 3 months, or a *World Almanac* for 1899. The Almanac contains a marvellous compendium of useful facts, and a complete history of the Spanish-American war, and a battle calendar.

To New Subscribers.

For $1.00 we will send THE COLUMBIAN until January 1st, 1900, and the Thrice-a-Week *World* for three months, or a copy of the *World Almanac* for 1899. Subscribe now and get the benefit of this liberal offer. tf

We have received the latest sample book of society address cards and are prepared to supply cards with beautiful designs and in great variety to Masons of all degrees, Odd Fellows, Knights of Malta, Knights of the Golden Eagle, Junior O. U. A. M., G. A. R., Union Veteran League, Sons of Veterans, Royal Arcanum, P. O. S. of A. Also cards for Firemen, Christian Endeavors and many other organizations. Call and see samples. tf.

Hotel, Restaurant, Wholesale, Distillers, and Bottlers License Blanks for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. 10 cents each or 3 for 25 cents. tf

Calendars for 1899.

Any subscriber to THE COLUMBIAN can get a handsome calendar for 1899 by calling at this office. They are too large to send by mail without danger of breaking. tf.

SALES.

JAN. 7TH. — Robert Buckingham will sell a brick dwelling, with lot 57 by 198 feet, corner of East and Third streets, at the Court House, at one o'clock p. m.

The following letters are held at the Bloomsburg, Pa., postoffice, and will be sent to the dead letter office Jan. 10, 1899:

Jas. A. Applegate, Mr. W. H. Miler, Ruth Stanley, Ilene C. Stevens, G. B. Tillinghast.

Persons calling for the above letters will please say that they were advertised Dec. 27, 1898.

O. B. MELLICK, P. M.

Already there is a noticeable difference in the length of the days. According to the calander Wednesday of last week was the shortest day of the year.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

WE HAVE

300 styles Sterling Silver Novelties.
40 styles Hand Painted China.
500 styles Gifts in Leather.
500 styles Fine Perfumery.
50 styles Hand Painted blotters, &c.

Huyler's Confections 80 cents.
Lowney's Chocolates 60c.

BEAUTIFUL ART STUDY FREE
With each dollar purchase of perfume.

W. S. Rishton, Ph. G.,
Opposite P. O. Pharmacist.
Telephone No 1074

PURELY PERSONAL

J. B. McHenry of Benton, was in town on Tuesday.

W. O. Holmes made a business trip to New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pursel are in Brooklyn N. Y., visiting relatives.

William Bachman of Shamokin visited friends in town on Monday.

E. B Hartman of Buckhorn, was among our numerous callers last week.

Rohr McHenry and son John G., transacted business in town on Monday.

Louis Bernhard Jr., of Scranton, spent Sunday with his parents in town.

Harry Houck of Scranton came down and spent Christmas with his mother.

Morris Ellenbogen of Scranton, stopped off in town a short time yesterday.

Miss Blanche Gross is visiting relatives and acquaintances in Philadelphia.

Miss Edith Fenstemacher of Hazleion, visited Mrs J. A. Hesson Monday.

Mr. Arthur L. Kent, of New York, spent Christmas at Rev. D. N. Kirkby's.

Mrs. Kent of Brooklyn, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rev. D. N. Kirkby.

Miss Jennie Hagenbuch of Shenandoah, visited relatives in town over Christmas.

Clinton Hagenbuch of Lykens, Pa. spent Christmas with his father at Cabin Run.

Frank Lutz of Haverford College, is spending Christmas vacation with his parents.

E. Barton John of Philadelphia, came up to spend Christmas with his relatives here.

Miss Amy Ritter of Williamsport spent Christmas with her parents on Fifth street.

Abram Hartman of Benton, spent Tuesday in Bloomsburg and honored us with a call.

Frank Hower of this town, was among the visitors to this office during the past week.

Miss Lilla Sloan is spending a few weeks with her sister Mrs. Andreas in Wilkesbarre.

Elmer Brugler of Philadelphia, is in town spending a few days vacation with his mother.

Miss Margaret Laubach has been confined to her home by illness for the past two weeks.

Charles E Kelchner of Philadelphia, is in town spending his vacation with his parents.

Mr. John Bruner of Millville, was the guest of his son Dr. J. W. Bruner, on Christmas.

Misses Mary and Martha Clark are visiting their sister Mrs. R. C. Neal at Harrisburg.

Louis Lowenberg came over from Milton and spent Christmas with his mother in town.

Dr. L. B. Zimmerman and wife, of Mt. Carmel, spent Christmas with relatives in town.

George Sloan is spending this week with relatives in town. He is located at Sparrows Point.

Jay Allen, a student at State College, spent the past week with his parents on Iron street.

J. F. Tooley, proprietor of Bloomsburg's new grocery store, spent Christmas at Shamokin.

Calvin Derr of Derrs, Jackson township, will take charge of the Iola Hotel on Wednesday.

Miss Grace McAnall of Berwick, was the pleasant guest of friends in town one day this week.

Mrs. Charlotte H Slate of Williamsport, is visiting her son, William H. Slate, on Fifth street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Townsend spent Monday in Berwick with their son, Postmaster L. J. Townsend.

Mrs. Dr. Meredith of the State Hospital, Danville, spent Christmas with her parents on Market street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Weigand of Wilkesbarre, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Fetterman.

Misses Lou and Rosa Kahler of Williamsport, are visiting their aunt Mrs. Kinn Pursell on Iron street.

Miss Mary Packer of Sunbury, arrived in Bloomsburg Wednesday, as the guest of her aunt Mrs. W H. Slate.

Richard Lockard, a student at Exeter College, New Hampshire, is spending a week's vacation at home.

J. M. Davis, manager of the Western Union Telegraph office, enjoyed Christmas with relatives in Scranton.

Elisha Brugler of Hemlock township, another long time reader of this paper, gave us a pleasant call last Thursday.

Charles Kitzmiller returned home on Saturday from a two months business trip through Ohio and other states.

Miss Mary Knapp spent Christmas with her mother on Iron street. She is engaged at teaching school at Beaver Valley.

Miss Annie Maize gives a progressive whist party to a number of her lady friends at her home on North street this afternoon.

C. A. Harman of Catawissa, was in town Tuesday on business. He is one of our oldest subscribers, and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. E. N. Perrin of New York, is spending a ten day's vacation here with his little son Edwin and the relatives of his wife, recently deceased.

Miss Elizabeth Milnes, one of Scranton's popular young ladies, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs John Milnes, at Espy.

Miss Dora Baubach, who is engaged teaching school at Audalusia, near Philadelphia, is spending a week's vacation with her parents on East Fourth street.

Samuel H. Harman has rented the carriage shop of C. P. Sloan, and will put in the necessary machinery to finish up a lot of skates and curry combs.

Elmer Millheim spent his holiday vacation with old friends and acquaintances in town. He formerly resided here. He is at present living at South Bethlehem.

Carl Wirt of Cambridge University, Boston, and his sister Miss Pauline, who is attending a young ladies boarding school in New York City, are at home for the holidays.

Thomas B. Hanley Esq., who is engaged in journalism in New York City and who also served in the recent war, spent a few days in Berwick with his relatives during the past week.

Mrs. J. S. Roys and Miss Clara Roys, mother and sister of Mr. J. E. Roys, and who are at present visiting him were both confined to the house by illness for several days during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mellick of Wilkesbarre, spent Christmas with the former's parents at Light Street. Mr. Mellick is manager of the type setting machines, at the Wilkesbarre "Record" office.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leverett of Philadelphia came up on Friday last to spend Christmas with their relatives. Mr. Leverett returned home on Monday afternoon, but his wife will remain here for two weeks as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. E. Elwell.

Robert Burns, a student at Susquehanna University at Selinsgrove arrived in town yesterday, to spend a short vacation with relatives.

James Dougherty and John A. Hagenbuch, two young men of Philadelphia spent the past week with their parents. The former is conducting an intelligence bureau and the latter is working at the printing trade.

Jacob Welliver of Benton township, was in town on Tuesday attending to business. Mr. Welliver is getting along in years, being 80 some years old. He has always been a staunch Democrat, and in his younger days served in several of his township offices.

Among the many persons from whom we have heard during the past week are Mrs. Mary Walsh of Orange, A. W. Patterson of Berwick, A. B. Heller of Hamburg, Samuel Ale of Carthage, Missouri and John Q. Creveling, Esq., of Plymouth.

Ex-Superintendent William Johnston of Jerseytown, was a Bloomsburg visitor on Tuesday. Although he has been admitted to the bar of this County by a regular examination before the Board of Examiners, he is pursuing a three years course of study in the law department of the University of Penna., which will give him a diploma for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Mr. Johnston will be well equipped both by education and natural ability, for the practice of law, and when he buckles down to business as an active practitioner he will no doubt make his mark.

Legal advertisements on page 7.

We wish all of our readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Dr. G. H. Welliver has added a handsome new hack to the Exchange Livery.

Samuel Stills who was sent to jail last week, was released on Tuesday on bail.

The Bloomsburg school children are enjoying the annual holiday vacation week.

So far as we have been able to learn our merchants are satisfied with the holiday trade.

The Philadelphia Sunday *Inquirer* contained an excellent likeness of our townsman William Webb.

The eclipse of the moon Tuesday evening was made invisible by the cloudy condition of the sky.

The Eshleman and Wolf house, on the Lightstreet road, which was destroyed by fire, is being rebuilt.

The annual Christmas festival of St. Paul's Sunday school was held in the Parish House Tuesday evening.

E. H. Roth, of Nescopec, has been granted a patent on a door securer, through C. A. Snow & Co., patent attorneys.

It is said that the soldiers who had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla stood the long marches in Cuba much better than the others.

G. W. Klinger died at his home in Sugarloaf township on Friday, aged about sixty-four years. He was well known in that section.

The Bellefonte *Watchman*, published by P. Gray Meek, grew to nearly twice its usual size last week. The occasion of the enlargement was the annual Christmas number.

The list of license applications are published in The Sentinel, Berwick Independent and Benton Argus this week. There are six less than last year.

The Bloomsburg Social Club gave a Christmas dance in Evans' Hall Monday evening. The Hall was very tastefully trimmed for the occasion. Music was furnished by an orchestra of five pieces. The refreshments were served by Mrs. Phillips. There were thirty couple in attendance, among the number there were several from out of town. It was one of the most enjoyable social affairs had by our young people in a long time.

Your Doctor Knows

Your doctor knows all about foods and medicines.

The next time you see him, just ask him what he thinks of

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. We are willing to trust in his answer.

For twenty-five years doctors have prescribed our Emulsion for paleness, weakness, nervous exhaustion, and for all diseases that cause loss in flesh.

Its creamy color and its pleasant taste make it especially useful for thin and delicate children.

No other preparation of cod-liver oil is like it. Don't lose time and risk your health by taking something unknown and untried. Keep in mind that SCOTT'S EMULSION has stood the test for a quarter of a century.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Robert Buckingham will sell at public sale, on January 7th, 1899, the property on the corner of East and Third streets, at the Court House, at one o'clock p. m. 3t22

At the regular monthly meeting of the Bloomsburg Poor Board, held Thursday night, H. A. M'Killip was elected as the Board's attorney, to fill vacancy caused by the recent death of Wm. H. Snyder.

On account of Sunday being Christmas Day, and as a matter of great accommodation, Postmaster O. B. Mellick kept the office open 'till nine o'clock. The carriers also made an early delivery.

A letter received from "The World" today, states that the almanac will be ready for delivery in a few days. Everybody who is entitled to one from this office will be supplied as soon as we can get them.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Miller celebrated their golden wedding at their home at Mifflinville yesterday. Members of the family were present in large numbers. R. B. Grotz was present and made several large photographs of all those present.

A special from Scranton to yesterday's Philadelphia *Inquirer* is authority for the statement that Supt. W. F. Hallstead will succeed Samuel Sloan as President of the D. L. & W. Railroad, at the next election of officers which will be held in February.

The series of progressive euchre parties, given by the Bloomsburg Wheelmen, for a prize of a handsome silver cup, came to a close Tuesday evening, but was not decided on account of a tie, George A. Clark and C. C. Yetter both having made the same number of points.

Howard J. Reeder, Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, and one of the State's foremost lawyers died at his home in Easton yesterday morning, from a complication of diseases. He had been very ill since the night of the November election. He was elected to the bench by the Republicans in 1884.

Time is Up!

Begin the NEW YEAR by turning over a new leaf and providing yourself with a

NEW WATCH.

We have a magnificent assortment — all sizes and styles—including the new 12-size watch. Just as the hour glass and sun dial were made to take a back seat by the first watch, so also the heavy, bulky, old-fashion watches have to yield to the neater, smaller, and more reliable watch. Call and

Look at Our Stock

It is a pleasure to show these goods.

J. E. ROYS,
Jeweler.

If you have us take your family group we'll take good care of the sitting. Our reputation in this very difficult branch of photography assures you that it will be left in good hands. We make a specialty of children and family pictures. The quality of the work and the prices we quote make us friends all over the county.

—THE—
PHILLIPS ✻ STUDIO,
MAIN STREET.
Opposite Episcopal Rectory. 11-24

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimfull of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, P. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago. 10-27-16t.

THIS STORE'S READY

With its festoons of holly garlanding gracefully every post and arch—appropriately decorated, suggestive of the season. The most generously assorted holiday stocks of useful goods, suitable for Christmas gift choosing. Read on.

Christmas Dress Goods.

For personal need or holiday thought, this stock is well ready. Time was when Dress Goods were pushed back to give prominence to trinkety stocks. Now the acceptableness of dress patterns is generally manifest.

45 in. all wool Henriettas, 50c yard.

45 in. Granite Suitings, 75c yard.

52 in. Venetian Suitings, $1 yard.

Kid Gloves for Gifts.

Of course. What more acceptable to any lady? A really good Glove at 85c pair, our special SEAL KID Glove at 1.5 pair, and our reliable line of $1 Gloves, give you a good line to select from, with a line of Children's Kid Gloves.

Christmas Umbrellas.

An Umbrella is an acceptable gift, to either lady or gent. Our line, suitable for both, is complete. At all prices.

Silverware and Jewelry.

These two stocks contain all the newest of the season. Tea spoons, knives and forks, table spoons, hollow ware, sterling silver novelties, cuff buttons, brooches, gold rings, manicure sets, &c.

Fur Collarettes and Scarfs.

For your own needs and gifts, at REDUCED PRICES. A good, warm and stylish gift, for a lady or miss.

DRESS GOODS AND COAT SALE.

We will continue our Special Coat and Dress Goods Sale. This gives you an opportunity to save money on your own needs, and for gift giving. See them. Big reduction in prices.

Christmas Petticoats.

A new line to-day. Something nice. Looks like silk, but not silk. You should see them. Make a useful gift.

Silks for Gifts.

Waist lengths, dress lengths, skirt lengths. All the newest, and at reasonable prices.

20 inch taffetas, 75c yard.

20 inch black satin duchess, 90c yard.

27 inch black satin rhadames, 96c yard.

Christmas Hosiery.

Hosiery of the reliable, good wearing kinds. Make useful gifts. Our lines of ladies', gent's and children's, offer a good range to choose from, either by the pair or ½ doz, or 1 doz. pairs.

Blankets, Quilts and Curtains.

Are you looking for a gift for a housekeeper? There is usefulness attached to a gift of blankets, quilts, or curtains.

Linens as Gifts.

What more acceptable to any housekeeper than nice linens? This stock is ready for your choosing.

Coats and Capes

Always make acceptable gifts, and specially so when you can buy these goods at the BIG REDUCTION IN PRICES we have made on them.

Christmas Handkerchiefs.

Complete lines. All kinds. Plain, embroidered and initials. All prices, from 5c. up. See our special 25c. line.

Jersey and Wool Leggings.

A full line for ladies', misses' and children. Just what you need for this weather. A useful gift.

Framed pictures, easels, stools, screens, brass tables, jardiniere stands, fancy boxes, perfumery, toilet articles. See our 23c. fine perfumes. Cushion tops, cushions, fur floor rugs, baby carriage robes.

Children's Fur Sets.

New line. Alll kinds.

H. J. CLARK & SON.

I. W. HARTMAN & SON.

A Good Coat or Cape at "Hartman's" Prices Will Make a Useful New Year Present. Nice Dishes Are All The Year With Us.

The rush is over for Christmas gifts. We desire now to turn the trade on more useful articles.

Capes from $1.00 to $17.50 (don't expect much for $1.00).

Jackets for Ladies, Misses and Children, at prices you have never seen before, and they are to be a good fit.

For Children. — Long and Short Coats, White and Colored Silk Caps, White, Blue and Pink Knit Sacks, White Mittens and Furs, Leggins, Cotton and Wool Stockings.

The Chenille Curtains are back in fashion (in fact, they were never out). Other kinds sold better for a time—the Derby, for instance, and they are good sellers yet.

25 pieces of outing flannel, 5c to 15c a yard.

Napkins, Towels, Linen Table Covers and Counterpanes, are all useful for your daughter to begin housekeeping. We have them.

Never had better sales on Black and other Dress Patterns. Still good assortment on shelves. The single patterns are handsome.

A good seller for Christmas was Collarettes. The prices are down on all now. We have long and short ones.

I. W. HARTMAN & SON.

SPECIAL SALE!

Now is the time to get bargains. During the next 30 days we will give you many goods at and below cost. Wool Dress Goods that was 25c, now 15c. Dress Goods, from 50c. to 30. Do not miss these special sales. We have just received new supply of pretty Coats, Capes and Fur Collarettes for ladies. Fur sets for children.

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, from $5.00 up.

Ladies' Coats, Capes, Separate Skirts. Coats for misses and children. In this line our stock is large. Prices low.

Ladies' Fur Collarettes, from $2.00 up.

Our sales in Shoes increases daily. Ladies' Fine Shoes, from 79c. up. Gents' Fine Shoes, from 98c. up. Good Calicoes, 3c. Good Muslin, 3½c. Our stock of Underwear is complete. We handle the celebrated Leather brand Stockings for ladies, misses and boys. Corsets, for 24c. up.

Our Grocery Department is improving daily—adding new goods at better prices. Our whole stock is complete and prices always right. It will pay you to see our goods before you buy.

Bloomsburg Store Co., Limited.

Corner Main and Centr ALFRED McHENRY Mgr.

THE CHRISTMAS BRIGADES.

Blare o' the trumpet and roll o' the drum,
A glitter of little tin blades,
And, led by their cute little captains, they come—
The curly haired Christmas brigades!
Was ever an army so fair to view?
And it's marching straight to the hearts of you!

What shall we do 'gainst an army like this,
That is blest of the angels above?
It comes but to challenge a mother's sweet kiss,
And its beautiful banner is love!
Sure, never was army so fair to view,
Or marched so straight to the hearts of you!

Come on with the trumpet, the little toy drum!
Come on with the little tin blades!
Our hearts beat a welcome and cry to you, "Come,
Oh, curly haired Christmas brigades!"
Come on, little heroes in gray and in blue,
And we'll capture and kiss every soldier of you!

—F. L. Stanton.

BRAVE LITTLE BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

It wasn't so very happy to begin with. Christmas eve was a little dreary. Maggie only hummed a carol because it was more her way to sing than to cry, and the carol was the only thing she could think of just then. It was the first carol she had ever learned. She could remember just how sweet her mother had looked while teaching it to her and Jimmie, the brother, who would keep his seventh Christmas tomorrow—keep it in heaven, she thought, with a gleam of sorrowful joy. The dear mother who was in the hospital now, whose Christmas would be spent in a whitewashed ward, clean, bright and tender, with kindly care, but still not so bright as the little attic room would have been if only she could have been there. Maggie's song grew very queer at this point of her reflections, and her voice was a trifle unsteady, but she persisted in humming "It came upon the midnight clear," and even smiled a little as she laid down the cheap little doll she had been dressing for Sweetie, the dear little sister who was her darling, and who was now being cared for by kind friends of her mother's youth.

In another moment she was dashing down newspaper alley at full speed, elbowing her way a trifle more gently than the average habitue of that far famed locality, but pushing to the front with a dogged resolution none the less, and no sooner had the bunch of papers which came in answer to her warcry of "Twenty-five specials—throw 'em along quick, Jimmie!" reached her arms, than she was off with a bound, and a cry of "Papiers! Papiers! Here is yer extry!" which sounded startlingly loud and harsh to come from that girlish throat. Down Mason street she flew, anxious to reach the "stand" which the boys of that corner had unanimously ceded to her with rough chivalry when she had first appeared upon the scene, timid, nervous, afraid to cry her wares. She was the first of all the crowd to reach State street. "Papier, papier! Here is yer extry! All about the accident at Borrioboola Gha!" she shrieked in the voice which would have been sweet and clear but for its hard treatment and out of doors use, or rather abuse, and a queer little smile curved the corners of her mouth as she gave vent to her peculiar "trademark," as the "other boys" were wont to call the odd name which invariably closed her exhortation to buy an evening paper.

That exclamation had quite a history. When Maggie had been driven by her mother's illness and the want of food in the home cupboard to try paper selling, she had been afraid to cry loudly, and her conscience, home taught and tender, had forbidden her to invent news announcements after the fashion of others of her "perfesh." For some days she had sold very little in consequence, and the capital she had each morning invested in papers seemed in a fair way to be lost, when Irish Pat, the toughest boy in the gang, had taken her to his heart and shown her the mistake which spoiled her sales.

"Yer don't know nothin, yer don't," he had said contemptuously, striding along by her side with an exaggerated imitation of the walk of the last actor he had admired from the "peanut heaven" of the Academy and keeping level with her as she dejectedly started homeward, crying softly and wiping the tears away with her ragged but clean handkerchief.

"Yer too bloomin scared," he said, again copying the Academy actor, both in speech and gesticulation, "an yer'll never do no good till yer makes yer roar more like a better feller than yerself."

He paused and looked at Maggie expectantly, but Maggie had no idea that the "better feller" was Pat himself, and she never dreamed that the pause should have been filled with a compliment, well deserved, in Pat's opinion, so she said nothing, and the boy took up his parable again.

"Now, this yer's the way yer calls," he said, imitating her weak little cry to the life, "an this yer's the way yer oughter yell." And he let out a shout of "Paper here! Paper! All about the great fire on the west side! Many lives lost! Nineteen firemen go down in the ruins!" which startled Maggie and rang down the street for a block or more.

Maggie soon found this to be true, if she was to equal the sales of the other paper sellers. But still, as has been said, her conscience rebelled against the deceit. So she decided with one of the compromises possible only to innocent souls upon inventing a cry about an event which could not possibly happen, and, having read "Bleak House," she chose the words "Borrioboola Gha" as her "roar." She said nothing to her mother of all this, although the struggle in her mind was long and severe, and she longed sorely for sympathy and advice. She had grown so accustomed to using the "yell" that she no longer thought of it at all. She called out the long word as she did that of "Paper!" and it had no more significance to her.

But on this particular day, this dreary Christmas eve, as she stood mechanically repeating it, thinking meanwhile of the added pleasure for her mother and Sweetie which every penny meant, she was startled by a light touch on her shoulder and turned her head to see a kindly face looking down into hers.

"Where do you say the accident happened?" queried the tall, pleasant faced man who owned the hand which still lay on her arm. "Did you say Borrioboola Gha? I have heard a great many queer cries used by newsboys," he said with a whimsical smile at the pretty face, which bent away from him, "but yours is the most peculiar I have ever known. Did you borrow it from Dickens?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered, blushing still deeper, and hurrying breathlessly into her explanation. "Yes, sir. You see, the boys said I'd have to make up a roar if I was going to sell papers, and I thought that was honest anyway."

"Poor little kid!" he thought later, as he heard her cry ring out under his window as he sat in his comfortable room at the hotel. "Poor little kid! I wish I could do something for her. She reminds me of Jennie, somehow. Poor Jennie!" And in reveries of his dear, lost sight of sister he forgot all about Maggie, and thought no more of her until he heard her again the next morning—Christmas morning.

"Not a cheerful day for a fellow who's got nothing but money to help him enjoy himself, and no on to share that with," he thought as he dressed slowly, drearily, for the day promised to be long and barren. "If I only had Jennie and her babies to help me out. By Jove!" and he quickened his movements with a look of sudden interest, "I'll hunt up Little Borrioboola Gha and give her a jolly Christmas. She looks as though it wouldn't do her any harm, and I can 'play pretender,' as Jennie's baby used to say, play that she is one of Jennie's children."

Hastily completing his toilet, he disposed of a hearty breakfast, his pulses quickening as he thought of the pleasure which lay before him, the pleasure of giving happiness to another, the one pleasure which neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil has the power to mar or spoil.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts had finished selling her papers the night before and gone slowly homeward, resisting the temptation to stay out in the brilliantly lighted streets because of her mother's well remembered request to this effect, and after buying as much candy and fruit for Sweetie as was consistent with saving a few pennies to buy a flower to go to the hospital with her and the baby tomorrow afternoon and laying enough away to buy her stock the next day she had got straight into bed.

When she awoke, it was broad daylight, the shining light of Christmas day, which has never seemed quite like that of ordinary days since that first wondrous dawn nearly 1,900 years ago, and she sprang up with the sweet Christmas joy in her heart and face, in spite of her aching toes and lonely condition.

"Now for a cup of coffee and a doughnut," she thought as she hurriedly fastened her garments, "and then for my papers."

"Well, Little Borrioboola Gha," said the same kindly voice which had greeted her the day before, "merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you, sir," she answered shyly, glancing up at him with the eyes which reminded him so forcibly of his sister. "Paper, sir?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," he responded, reaching in his pocket for a $1 bill. "How are you going to spend your Christmas?"

"I'm going to the hospital to see mamma after I get through selling," said Maggie, who, with a child's quick intuition, had divined that this was a man to be trusted. "And I'm going to take Sweetie with me."

"Who is Sweetie?" was the next question, asked with a sympathetic intonation which somehow expressed all the kindly words he did not say about her mother. And Maggie, whose heart opened easily to any one who used the key of "Sweetie" wherewith to unlock it, grew talkative at once.

"Sweetie's my sister," she prattled, forgetting her wares in the joy of telling her love to some one. "My baby sister. And she's been specially mine ever since mamma got sick and had to go to the hospital. Auntie and Uncle Stewart have got her now," she went on, not noticing the start the gentleman gave, "but I'm going to get her back to live with us just as soon as mamma can come home."

"Is Auntie Stewart your real aunt?" queried her listener, a strange interest in his tone and manner. "And what is your mamma's name?"

"No. Auntie Stewart is an old friend of mamma's and papa's," answered Maggie, tucking her papers more tightly under her arm, "and mamma's name is Jennie Brownell."

"Jennie Brownell!" gasped the man at her side, grasping her arm so tightly that the tender flesh was bruised. "Jennie Brownell! And what was your papa's name?"

"Papa's name was Arthur Brownell," said Maggie, wondering more and more at this man's odd behavior. "But he's been dead a long, long time, and mamma took care of us until she got sick and I was big enough."

"You big enough," exclaimed her listener excitedly. "You big enough, you poor baby! Why, how old are you?"

"I'm just 13," said Maggie proudly, "and, indeed, sir, I'm big enough. Why, I've taken care of us for nearly a year now, and Sweetie would rather stay with me than with Auntie Stewart. I give her such nice things to eat," she finished innocently.

"To say nothing of the love you evidently lavish upon her," murmured the gentleman to himself. "Well, Little Borrioboola Gha, what do you say to a change? I think you must be my niece."

"Oh, then you must be Uncle Jack," said Maggie, accepting this new and wonderful state of affairs with a child's innocent faith and belief in all things wonderful and bright and good. "Yes, you do look like mamma. She's talked of you so much that I feel I quite know you," she added quaintly.

"You're not going to sell papers any more," said her uncle, as they crossed the street to his hotel. "And now for a merry Christmas. It won't be possible to do anything about clothes today," with a rueful look at Maggie's garments, "but we'll do something nice anyway. What hospital did you say your mother was at?"

"St. Luke's," answered Maggie, smiling as happily as though the griefs of the morning had never troubled her. "Are you going to see her too?"

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, smiling down at the eager face, "we're going there right away, but we'll stop and buy some flowers first."

And they set forth, only to find disappointment awaiting them at the hospital. Mrs. Brownell had left the hospital that morning in the care of a strange gentleman who had brought a carriage for her.

"Was it Uncle Stewart?" asked Maggie, and the kindly girl hesitated before replying, catching the busy nurse as she turned away.

"Uncle Stewart!" she said at length. "The old gentleman who came here with her and sometimes brings the little girl? No, it was a much younger man."

"Did mamma know him?" asked Maggie, with a shade of sadness darkening her expressive face in a manner which did not escape her uncle's notice, and again the good natured nurse staid her steps to reply.

"Yes," she said, with a pleasant, if hasty, smile, "she was delighted to see him and went with him at once."

Maggie turned away sadly, a tear falling on her shabby frock, and she did not refuse the comforting pressure of her uncle's hand as they walked down the long ward together.

"Let's go to Sweetie," suggested her uncle, with a view to distracting her. After making inquiries and finding that Mrs. Brownell had left no address Maggie, who felt that all the world was sad and her doll stuffed with sawdust with a vengeance, assented drearily.

"Maybe she'll be gone, too," she said mournfully, her lip quivering with a pitiful sorrow, as they stepped into the carriage again, and she did not speak again until the horses drew up at Mrs. Stewart's door. Her uncle lifted her out. She sprang up the stairs and rang the bell, and then—then the world resumed its normal coloring, and her doll was once more worth loving, for Sweetie had leaped to her arms, and there in the hall behind was mamma.

"Jack!" she said softly after kissing Maggie frantically. "Well, this must be Easter day instead of Christmas. Two resurrections from the dead!" and she drew his attention to another man who had seized upon Maggie as she released her and was embracing her as though he would never let her go again.

"My darling! My own little girl!" he kept repeating, and it suddenly dawned upon Maggie that it must be her papa, alive again in some wonderful, mysterious, Christmas kind of way and come back to care for her and mamma and Sweetie.

"We won't waste time upon long explanations now," said this gentleman as he put Maggie down at last. "I have been prostrated by an accident which caused me to lose my memory until a week ago and my name was mistakenly sent to Jennie here," indicating his wife by a tender glance, "as among those killed by the collision which only injured my brain. When my memory returned to me, I made all speed to come back to her, and not being able to find the smallest trace of her I thought of dear old Aunt and Uncle Stewart. I knew they would be kind to my poor darlings. And then I went to the hospital and brought her away. We never thought of Maggie going there so early, and I was to wait for her there this afternoon. We hardly knew how to reach her sooner."

"Well, I lost all trace of you all while I was out west," said Uncle Jack, taking possession of Maggie again, "and I only found this little girl by the merest accident." And he lifted Maggie lovingly to his knee, for they had reached the parlor by this time.

And after that? Well, it was Christmas day, and all the stores were closed, but money will do a great deal, and it wasn't long before Auntie Stewart's scantily filled larder was plentifully supplied, and an immense turkey was roasting in the oven.

And when the dinner had been eaten and everybody had told everybody else how glad and happy and surprised they were they sat close together and made plans for the future, lovely, wonderful plans, which seemed almost too good to come true. But they did come true, many of them, and, the best of all, perhaps, was Uncle Jack's plan for Maggie.

"This little girl is going to be a beautiful singer by and by," he said, with a tender good night kiss as he carried her up to the little attic room Auntie Stewart had insisted upon their using for the night, while papa followed with Sweetie, "to say nothing of being a noble woman if she grows up as brave and unselfish as she is now. I noticed how strong and sweet her voice bade fair to be the moment I heard her giving the 'roar' which astonished me so much. And I am going to see that it has the best of training. And my pet name for her will always be 'Little Borrioboola Gha.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Big Order for Coffins.

A casket company of Allegheny has received an order from the Government for 4,000 zinc-lined coffins to be shipped within thirty days. Each coffin is to be accompanied by a rough box. The remains of the American soldiers who have died in Cuba and the Philipines are to be brought back to the United States in the coffins and will be buried by friends or by the Government in the national cemeteries.

Each coffin is to be zinc-lined and airtight, so that there will be no danger of disease spreading through the removal of the bodies. The caskets are to be finished in rosewood mahogany and oak, and will be satin-lined. The same company recently furnished the Govetnment with 1,500 coffins.

WHAT SHE WAS TOLD. "I was severely afflicted with salt rheum. I also felt weak and sick. I was told there was no medicine that could cure me, but I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me strength. When I had taken four bottles the salt rheum was cured and I have not had it since." Mrs. A. B. Amy, Brownhill, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Mailed for 26c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The following story of a new swindle comes from Wyalusing. A smooth-faced young fellow called on some of the soldiers' widows in Wyalusing on Monday, claiming that he was sent out by the government. He not only asked, but demanded $1 toward a soldiers' monument, and upon being asked for credentials and recommendations became indignant and made all sorts of threats about having the pensions stopped; he promises a picture of the monument to be sent at some future date. Very few, if any invested. He was very persistent and made two and three calls at a house.

A PLEASANT DUTY.—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Ham'sburg, Pa, "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. I would not be without it in the house."—82.
Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Somebody says that alcohol will remove grass stains from summer clothes. That is right. It will also remove the summer clothes and also the spring, autumn and winter clothes, not only from the one who drinks, but also from his wife and family. It will also remove the household furnitnre from the house, and the eatables from the pantry, the smiles from the face of the wife and the happiness from the home. As a remover of things, alcohol has few equals.

IN ALL STAGES of Nasal Catarrh there should be cleanliness. As experience proves Ely's Cream Balm is a cleanser, soother and healer of the diseased membrane. It is not drying nor irritating, and does not produce sneezing. To test it a trial size is mailed for 10 cents or the large for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York. Druggists keep it. Upon being placed into the nostrils it spreads over the membrane and relief is immediate. It is an agreeable cure.

Boston Bill—"Please, mum, kin you gimme somethin' to eat—jist the meat the dog left will do."

Mrs. Miggles—"We haven't any dog."

"Oh, you ain't? Den you git to work an' cook me a plate o' ham an' eggs an' a cup o' coffee, 'fore I kick ye in the jor!"—Indianapolis *Journal*.

Some Foolish People
Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25 and 50c. TRIAL SIZE FREE. At all druggists. 12-8d4t

While Frederic Remington was in the West he observed a well executed portrait on the wall of a dark room in a cabin, and asked whose picture it was. "That's my husband," said the woman of the house, carelessly. "But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist. "So was my husband," snapped the woman.

PILE TERRORS SWEPT AWAY.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for the Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.—83.
Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Wife (waking suddenly from sleep)—"Henry, did you call?"

Husband (who has been spending previous evening with the boys)—"No, I'll raise it five."—Harlem *Life*.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

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"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, and for purity and honest worth is unequalled."
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A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

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"That's the kind I'm looking for. I'll order a suit from their agent immediately."
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(AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE IN THE U. S. AND TERRITORIES.)

THAT'S JUST IT!
You can't always tell by the looks of a garment how it is going to WEAR.
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Get the WEAR as well as the looks, when you can have both
PRICE. $12.00
Is the starting point of those
Edward E. Strauss & Co.'s Famous Custom Tailored Suits and Overcoats
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To examine this line, and leave your order for one of these handsome garments.
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LIFE'S A BURDEN.—If the stomach is not right. Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light Headed? Do you have Sick Headaches? Any and all of these dencte Stomach and Liver Disorder. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.—84.
Sold by C. A. Kleim.

A ventilated shoe has been invented in Cologne, Prussia. A steel spring works a bellows between the heel and sole, and every step the wearer takes drives a stream of fresh air through the perforations in the inner sole to every part of the foot.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

"Madge is crazy about her three soldier suitors."

"How crazy?"

"Why, she is afraid to accept any one of them, for fear the others might get promotion first."—Detroit *Free Press*.

DON'T STARVE YOURSELF to cure Dyspepsia. Eat heartily, and take Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. They assist Nature in performing her functions and in an imperceptible time disease and suffering vanish and old time good health, comfort and youthful buoyancy reign, and life puts on a new and hopeful phase. 35 cents.—85.
Sold by C. A. Kleim.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

THE PRESIDENCY IN 1900.

In an article on the probability of Admiral Dewey being a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1900, the Northumberland County *Democrat* has the following to say: The politicians in all parts who are unfriendly to President McKinley are casting about for a candidate to pit against him in 1900. If they cannot defeat him for a renomination they propose to put up an invincible candidate against him. Many names have recently been mentioned, among them Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manilla. If the Admiral has any politics he is a Democrat, although some of his friends claim he is a Republican. A prominent Democrat said the other day:

"If Dewey will accept the Democratic nomination he will be a good enough Democrat for us. General Grant, it will be remembered, had always been a Democrat until he was nominated for President by the Republicans. It is not necessary for anybody to inquire what Dewey's political affiliations have been in the past. If he will accept the Democratic nomination in 1900 he can have it, and he would be elected by a unanimous vote. Mr. McKinley and his friends had better keep an eye on Admiral Dewey. There is no instance of a naval hero ever becoming a candidate for political honors. At the same time there is nothing in the constitution of the United States which forbids it."

A Close Relationship.

The relationship which the baking powders bear towards our health is coming to be appreciated.

There is no doubt that the indigestion and dyspepsia of which many Americans complain are caused by the indiscriminate use of alum baking powders. These baking powders, from their lower price, from the persistency with which they are advertised as pure cream of tartar powders, or from the tempting schemes with which they are offered, are being purchased by many housekeepers. That alum baking powders are unwholesome is a fact as well established as that arsenic is a poison. There must accordingly be the greatest care exercised by the housewife to keep them from her food. A chemical analysis only will expose their true character. Even the price at which they are sold is not always a mark to identify them.

There is certain safety in the use of the well known brand, Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is not only certified by the Government chemists free from alum and from all adulteration, but every housewife feels a confidence when using it which she cannot have with any other powder. It is made from chemically pure cream of tartar, and is actually an anti-dyspeptic promoting digestion and adding to the wholesomeness of the food.

Engine Built in France.

Locomotive Built in 66 Hours—Has Been Beat in the United States.

An experiment test was made recently by the French Eastern Railway says the Le Genic Civil, just to find out in how many hours a locomotive could be assembled in the shops at Eperney. The result was very satisfactory to them inasmuch as the entire work required but 66 hours from the time the order was given to the shops until the engine was ready to run out upon its trial trip. This time has, however, been exceeded in this country While the work was going on one of the officials took photographs from time to tsme and the series made a very interesting record. During the first hour the frame work was put in place and riveting began. Part after part was brought in and after the twenty-second hour the locomotive began to assume something like shape. At the forty ninth hour the locomotive was so far ready the minor fixtures could be mounted, such as the air brakes, the stuffing boxes and other details. From now on it seemed as if the engine was ready to start, yet some very important parts were still missing, for instance, the eccentric and driving rods. In the fifty-eighth hour the heavy work was all done, the tackle had been removed and the adjustment of the fittings in the cab was started. In the sixty-fourth hour the engine could have started, if required, but only two hours later it left the shop for a trial of 22 miles, which it covered without a hitch in 48 minutes. The mounting required 976 working hours.

NEXT MINUTE MAY MEAN DEATH. If the heart flutters, palpitates or tires easily you may be next door to sudden death and not kuow it. Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart gives instant relief and cures. "The pains about my heart were so severe I could hardly breathe. I thought I must die. One dose of Dr. Aguew's Cure for the Heart gave me perfect relief inside of 20 minutes, a few bottles cured. I firmly believe it saved my life.—MR. JOHN JAMIESON, TARA, Ont.—81.
Sold by C. A. Kleim.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
THE NATION'S WEEKLY

H. G. Wells

R. W. Chambers

Caspar Whitney

Franklin Matthews

Will continue to give week by week during 1899, by means of illustrations and text, all the important news of the world in a clear and concise manner.

POLITICS — Independent of parties, devoted to good government, it will not hesitate to approve or disapprove, whatever the situation may be.

ART — The leading artists of the country will contribute to the pages of the WEEKLY, as heretofore, making it the foremost illustrated weekly.

Cuba and the Philippines — Special articles will appear on these two countries by Messrs. Phil. Robinson and F. D. Millet, both of whom made special journeys to the islands.

Hawaii and Porto Rico — These places will be similarly treated by Caspar Whitney and W. Dinwiddie, who likewise made a study of the places.

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This Busy World — by E. S. Martin, will continue to amuse and instruct its readers.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, Pa., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1899

at ten o'clock a. m., all that certain messuage tenement and tract of land, situate in the Town of Bloomsburg, County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the southerly side of Port Noble street, at a corner of land of the Pennsylvania Canal Company, and running thence north forty-six degrees forty-five minutes east, one hundred and thirty one feet to a stake, in the westerly side of a twenty-foot private street; thence south forty-three degrees fifteen minutes east, one hundred and thirty-nine feet to the line of the Pennsylvania Canal; thence south forty-six degrees forty-five minutes west, one hundred and eighty-three feet to the line of land of the Pennsylvania Canal Company; thence along the same north twenty-two degrees thirty-eight minutes west, one hundred and forty-seven and five-tenths feet to the place of beginning, whereon is erected a

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Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of C. C. Peacock and E. B. Tustin, trustees. vs. the Bloomsburg Match Company, and to be sold as the property of the Bloomsburg Match Company.

W. W. BLACK, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fl. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1899,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all that certain piece and parcel of land, situate in the village of Mifflinville, County of Columbia, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to wit: Being marked in the general plan of said village as number forty-nine (49), bounded on the north by Second street, on the south by Third street, on the east by lot No. 48, and west by street, being in length fourteen (14) rods, and in breadth, four (4) rods, upon which is erected a

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Cosmopolitan Building and Loan Association vs. Samuel W. Fedder and Etta Fedder, and to be sold as the property of Samuel W. Fedder and Etta Fedder.

W. W. BLACK,
HARMAN, Atty. Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fl. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Columbia County Pennsylvania, and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1899,
at 2 o'clock p. m.

All that certain piece and parcel of land situate in the township of Mifflin, County of Columbia, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, bounded and discribed as follows, towit: Bounded on the north by Second street, on the east by lot No. 126, on the south by Third street, and on the west by lot now or formerly owned by Mary Gearhart, being sixty-six feet in width and two hundred feet in depth and being numbered and designated upon the general plan of the village of Mifflinville as Lot 125, whereon are erected a

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE
and other outbuildings.

Seized taken in execution at the suit of Cosmopolitan Building & Loan Association vs. Abram R. Fedder and Elizabeth Fedder, and to be sold as the property of Abram R. Fedder and Elizabeth Fedder

W. W. BLACK, Sheriff.
HARMAN, Attorney. 12-22-4t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899,

at at two o'clock p. m., all that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land, situate, lying and being, in the Town of Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Northwardly by Seventh street, of said town, eastwardly by Catharine street, southwardly by an alley, westerly by lot of John P. Jones. The said lots having a front on Catharine street of forty feet each and extending in depth sixty feet. The one adjoining Seventh street having erected thereon a two-story

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

the other being a vacant lot. The said properties being lately the property of J. D. Shaffer, and by himself and wife conveyed to said Cummings.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Anglo American Saving and Loan Association vs. William B. Cummings, and to be sold as the property of William B. Cummings.

BUCKINGHAM, W. W. BLACK,
Attorney. SHERIFF.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF WM. H. SNYDER, LATE OF BLOOMSBURG, PA., DECEASED

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary in above estate have been granted to the undersigned, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims, or demands, to present the same without delay.

SARAH M. SNYDER, Executrix.
Bloomsburg, Pa., Dec. 15, 1898. 6t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF J. M. C. RANCK, LATE OF SCOTT TWP. COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., DECEASED.

In the matter of the first and second partial accounts of Charles W. Dawson, executor of J. M. C. Ranck, deceased.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Penna., to pass upon exceptions, make distribution and report, will sit, for the purposes of his appointment, at his office, room No. 4, Lockard building, corner of Main and Centre streets, in the Town of Bloomsburg, Pa., on Monday, January 23d, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested may appear and present their claims against said estate, or be debarred from a share of the same.

12-22-4t WM. H. MAGILL, Auditor.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Bloomsburg, Pa., for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the Bank on Tuesday, January 10th, 1899, between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock a. m.

12-15-4t. E. B. TUSTIN, Cashier.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual election by the stockholders of the Farmers' National Bank, of Bloomsburg, Pa., to choose a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 10th, 1899, between the hours of two and four o'clock in the afternoon.

12-8te A. H. BLOOM, Cashier.

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These old corporations are well seasoned by age and fire tested, and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in solid securities and liable to the hazard of fire only.
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A good sewing machine, 6 drawers. Price only $5.00. Address,
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Any printer in need of any of the following, will do well to correspond with us. We have for sale, in good condition, a Carleton, Caps & Co., Stereotype outfit complete; a Hercules Stapling Machine, a small Washington hand press. Address.
THE COLUMBIAN,
tf Bloomsburg, Pa.

Mrs. J. S. Bachman died at her home, a short distance above town, on the Lightstreet road, this morning, aged about fifty six years. She had been in failing health for some time.

The dining room of the White House Restaurant, P. B. Heddens, proprietor, has been given a thorough overhauling. New carpet has been put down, several handsome pictures added to the walls, and the appearance of the place is greatly improved.

An exchange tells us of a goose 103 years old. We don't doubt it. In fact we believe the goose is older than that. We remember reading that goose story twenty years ago, and it was 90 years old then, the goose we mean. The story was still more ancient.

On their way home from Porto Rico, the regiment of which E. Skyles McKillip was a member, stopped for three days at Santiago. While there Mr. McKillip procured some interesting relics, among them being a piece of wood from the sunken Spanish war vessel, the Reina Mercedes; a piece of wood from the Merrimac, the ship sunk in Santiago harbor by Hobson and his crew, and a piece of the "Justice tree" where the surrender of Santiago took place. These he has cut up into small pieces, and has distributed among his friends. Edward Elliott, son of the editor, is the happy recipient of pieces of these relics, and also of a bullet picked up at Guanica by Mr. McKillip, and some small shot from the Cuban beach. He is also indebted to Wilbur Fisher for an old Porto Rico silver coin, and to Boy Shaffer for a regular army button from a coat worn at Ponce.

HOME WEDDING.

J. S. Grimes, of Lightstreet, Ex-Superintendent of Schools of Columbia County, and Dr. Honora A. Robbins were united in marriage at the bride's home on First street, this town, last Thursday evening at 6 o'clock, by Rev. B. C. Conner, of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. N. B. Smith, of Orangeville. The ceremony was witnessed by quite a number of the close friends of the bride and groom. After hearty congratulations and good wishes for their future welfare, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes took the evening train for an extended wedding tour.

Many People Cannot Drink

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, clears and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to day. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c. 8d4t

MARRIED.

KNORR—HARMAN.—On Dec. 21st, 1898, at the home of the bride, by Rev. A. Houtz, Mr. H. T. Knorr, of Centre Twp., to Miss Sarah E. Harman, of Salem Twp., Luzerne Co.

KLINE—REICHARD. On the 28th, of Dec. at the Reformed parsonage in Orangeville by Rev. A. Houtz, Mr. Alfred B. Kline and Miss Maggie Reichard, both of Fishingcreek township.

DIED.

HAYHURST—In Orangeville, Dec. 1[illegible]98, Dewey Hayhurst, aged 11 [illegible] and 14 days.

"A Bachelor's Honeymoon."

"A Bachelor's Honeymoon", which will be seen at the Opera House Friday Dec. 30th, will act as a pleasant surprise, both in the character of the play, and the excellence of the members of the cast. Hoyt's Theatre, New York, was the scene of its launching, and it has ridden on the crest of prosperity ever since. The comedy is from the pen of John Stapleton, whose work as a stage manager and producer has been well and long identified with stage work in this country. "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" was written for a sole purpose of producing laughter, and it is filled with funny and screamingly odd situations. The play has been constructed in a cleanly and legitimate way, and amuses and convulses without double entendre. In addition to the merit of the play, attention must be called to the very strong company which presents the farce. It is seldom that a farce comedy receives its presentation at the hands of legitimate actors; but in "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" the exception proves to be the rule, for every one connected with it has made his or her name in the dramatic field. The company is headed by Mr. George F. Nash, the excellent leading man whose work with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. W. J. Florence, Miss Olga Nethersole, and other reputable stars, will be distinctly remembered. It is only sufficient to say that in the character of Mr. Paul, (Small Bottles) in "Chimmie Fadden" it stood pre-eminent as a strong piece of work. Mr. Geoffrey Stein is well and favorably known for his splendid character work with the Columbia Stock Company in Washington, will be seen in the role of Doctor Schwartz a German physician. Miss Edith Athelstone, the leading lady, who plays the part of Juno Joyce, will be pleasantly remembered as having created the leading part in Mr. A. M. Palmer's company presenting "That Man" and Daly's "The Ghisha".

Fell into Good hands.

Maurice Power, the young violinist with the Kane Opera company, who was taken ill while here last week left Clearfield Monday for his home in Berlin, Ontario, Canada, with a heart full of thankfulness and a remembrance of Clearfield and Clearfield people that he will never forget. When stranded here Maurice, only 15 years of age, was without money, and a total stranger. He was lucky that he took sick at the Whitmire Inn, for Landlord Cardon and his family cared for the boy as tenderly as if he was one of their own. He rapidly grew better, and on Saturday he was given an impromptu benefit in the hotel parlors by some of the kind hearted men about town, at which a neat sum of money was raised. Sunday another benefit was extended at which something like $20 was contributed, the members of the Royer Bros. company giving $9. of it. So on Monday young Power was able to start for his home in excellent spirits. He says he will never forget Clearfield and hopes to come back ere long.—Clearfield *Republican*.

The young man will be remembered by all who witnessed the presentation of the "Grand Duchess" by the Kane Opera Co., in Bloomsburg, a few weeks ago. He was with them on that occasion and rendered two violin solos in a very skilful manner.

The Wife and Her Husband's Business.

"It is a cause of amazement to me that a man can go on, year in and year out, toiling for a family whose members show no interest in his work further than to spend the money he makes, and who look upon him as the family mint," writes Frances Evans in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*. My firm belief is that had he, in the first flush of married life, talked over his business and ambitions with his wife, she would have become interested in both, first for his sake, and afterward for her own and their children's. Think of the guilt that lies between a man and woman united in marriage when he never speaks at home of the affairs which absorb his entire day! Mutual interests will bind people together indissolubly even when indifference, that dangerous bridge of sighs, has swallowed up affection."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Missing From Home.

Frank Woods, a well known traveling salesman of Danville, who is traveling for the Catawissa Shoe Manufacturing Company, suddenly disappeared from home Thursday, and the circumstances point to death by drowning,

Mr. Woods left his residence on lower Mulberry street, Danville, Thursday morning before breakfast. He was next seen at the canal lock above the Asylum. In a conversation with the lock tender, he explained that he was on his way to Catawissa. He had missed the train, he said, and intended to walk up. A short time after a man answering Mr. Woods' description was seen by the lock tender's son, walking on the ice out on the river.

The young man went on with some work he had on hand and when he looked up a minute later the man had disappeared, although he had not time in the interval to reach either shore. He felt sure that the man must have drowned and so informed his father. Learning later that Frank Woods was missing from home the lock tender informed those in search of him of the circumstances of the man disappearing on the river, which as time wore on, left but little doubt that poor Frank was lying in the river under the ice. Through the gloomy hours of the winter evening and night the anxious watch and inquiry was kept up by his family and friends but no news could be gleaned as to his whereabouts. As far as could be learned he never reached Catawissa.

His brother states that it was no unusual thing for Frank to walk to Catawissa, where he had business with the shoe factory. He thinks that he found walking bad on one side and undertook to cross the river hoping to find better walking on the other side as well as to save three miles in the distance and that the ice gave way beneath his weight.

Mr. Woods' family have abandoned the hope of finding him alive, and Saturday morning parties began dragging the river, hoping to recover his body. The ice moved off the river Thursday night. It is hardly likely that the searchers will succeed as there is a strong current in the river and the body was probably carried along by it for miles. The drowned man leaves a widow and three daughters.—Sunbury *Item*.

McClure's Magazine for January.

McClure's Magazine for January; in two articles on the Lake submarine boat, gives its readers a double sensation of inspecting a really new and extraordinary invention and of following an equally new and extraordinary adventure. No man, since the days of Jonah, has made a more curious voyage than that which Mr. Ray Stannard Baker describes as taken by himself and the artist W. D. Stevens in the Lake boat; and since the creation of Jonah's whale, no more curious craft than the Lake boat, as Mr. Lake himself sets forth its principles, powers and possibilities, has been constructed. The boat drops down to the bottom of the sea, and there traverses the ground precisely like an automobile road wagon; and from it divers step out through a door on to the sea bottom, as they might step out of a house into a garden, and go spading and hoeing among wrecks. Pictures drawn by Mr. Stevens from life illustrate the articles.

An adventure somewhat akin to that of Mr. Baker and Mr. Stevens, and making as thrilling a story in the relation, was a ride from London to Glasgow on the locomotive of the Scotch Express (the preeminent "flyer" of England), taken by Stephen Crane, the novelist, and the late W. L. Sonntag, Jr., the artist. Mr. Crane tells the story in his own vivid, striking way; and pictures drawn from life by Mr. Sonntag (about the last work he did before his untimely death) illustrate it.

In the same number, Miss Tarbell gives an account of Lincoln's first inauguration as President, drawn largely from unpublished reminiscences of people who witnessed it; and from similar reminiscences she constructs a most interesting portrait of Lincoln as he appeared in his first meeting with his cabinet and through the first days of his residence in the White House. Captain Mahan describes and compares the naval and military conditions of ourselves and Spain at the outbreak of the recent war; Stephen Bonsal gives some more fine stories from his own experience in the fight for Santiago; and Mr. Hamlin Garland tells a fine true Indian story in the veritable words of Rising Wolf, the Ghost Dancer. Another of Mr. Kipling's stories of school-boy life and several other stories make the number very interesting also on the side of fiction. S. S. McCLURE CO.
New York City. 141-155 East 25th St.

THE GREATEST ALMANAC.

A Wonderful Collection of Facts Issued by "The Philadelphia Press."

To those familiar with the Almanac issued by "The Philadelphia Press," Pennsylvania's Greatest Newspaper, the announcement that the 189 edition is on sale is quite sufficient to induce purchase. Those who have examined the contents of the two previous volumes issued by that paper know that there is not to be found in the United States—and, if not there, nowhere in the world—an almanac which surpasses "The Press' " for its accuracy, comprehensiveness, variety and attractiveness. It is a volume of over 500 pages, replete with the information that every citizen interested in the past, the present or the future of the country in which he lives needs constantly. What "The Philadelphia Press" does for the world daily its Almanac does for the events of the year. There is not one department of human activity which is not touched on. The farmer and the merchant, the clerk and the professional man may each find in it something to interest and instruct. It answers the many questions concerning the Government of the United States and foreign nations, is a valuable resume of the War with Spain, abounds with statistics from commercial and industrial pursuits, tells the story of the part played by the Keystone boys in the late war—and is, in fact a complete cyclopedia of the world's activities during 1898, and must be indispensible to every thinking American citizen. The Almanac may be had from newsdealers or by sending 25 cents to "The Press," Philadelphia.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours: a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents or one dollar.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, if you send your address to DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in THE COLUMBIAN.

January Ladies' Home Journal.

The New Year's *Ladies' Home Journal* gives assurance of a purpose to make that magazine more useful and hopeful, and stronger in its literary and artistic features, during 1899 than ever before. It contains a number of practical articles; besides a score of features of lighter interest, and opens with a full page drawing by W. L. Taylor, illustrating Longfellow's Village Blacksmith. Early Colonial social life is mirrored in "The Most Artistic social Event in America"—the annual ball of the Philadelphia "Assembly," an article that will be read with unusual interest. A close range view of strong interest is given of Leschetizky, by Cleveland Moffett, who discloses the methods of "The Man Who Taught Paderewski," and Elizabeth G. Jordan tells "What it Means to be a Newspaper Woman," a subject upon which she writes from her own experience.

Edward Bok, in the January *Journal* writes on "The Rush of American Women," making a plea for more repose, through which the real pleasures of life are to be extracted. In fiction, the experiences of "The Girls of Camp Arcady," "The Minister of Carthage" and "The Jamesons in the Country" are continued. The first of a series of articles on "The House Practical" details how to furnish and decorate the hall and staircase, and other page features give photographs of "Fifteen Good Halls and Stairways" and "Pretty Rooms of Girls." Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to carve and serve meats and game, and gives a variety of menus for small social affairs. There are numerous other practical articles upon subjects of helpful interest in the household. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

Havana's First Postmaster.

Charles S. Beaver, a former railway mail clerk on the Pennsylvania railroad between New York and Pittsburg, and who has just been appointed the first postmaster at Havana, Cuba, was for many years a resident of Milton, Pa. Mr. Beaver is a nephew of the late Thomas Beaver, of Danville, and a cousin to General James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte.

"My salary has ben raised," said the young lover, "and I think I am in a position now where I can safely ask you to name the day."

"It would look that way to any one who could see us," answered the blushing maiden seated on his knee." Wasn't the gas turned down?—*Ex.*

For Rent or For Sale.

A desirable brick house, Fourth and Market streets. All modern conveniences. Will take Carpet Mill bonds in exchange. Addres P. O. Box 408, Bloomsburg, Pa. 12-29-4t.

What for Christmas?

That old puzzling question is up again—What shall I buy for presents?

Read the answer in our windows. Good perfumery—always acceptable—appropriate—sensible. New and delicate odors made by Rieger, the California perfumer.

10, 25 and 50 ct. packages

For sale by J. H. Mercer.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE, for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospital at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago. 10-27-16t

THE BROADWAY

Just the things you are looking for at the prices you care to pay.

Hemstitched initial Handkerchiefs, ½ in. hem, nice embroidered letter, 5c each.

Ladies' pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered initial, ½ in. hem, 24c each.

Men's Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, 22 inches, 1½ in. hem, handsome embroidered initial, 50c each.

Ladies' pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ½ in. hem. Excellent value at 10c each.

Stamped Doylies, large, new line, from 1c. to 48c. each, and a full line of new embroidery silks, in the desirable shades, at 2 for 5c.

In leather goods we have purses and pocket books, 3c to $2.75 each.

Belts, from 10c to $1.50 each.

Satchels, at 56c, 98c, to $5.00 each.

Decorated China, useful and ornamental, 5c to $2.75 each.

Ladies' fur cluster boaz, $1.75 to $5.00 each.

Dolls and toys in profusion, 5c to $8.50.

Christmas tree ornaments are selling rapidly. Make your selection while the assortment is complete. 1c to 10c each.

Agency for Butterick Fashions.
December Styles now ready.

Respectfully Submitted to the Dash Trade Only by

THE BROADWAY CASH STORE,
Mover's New Building, Main Street,
BLOOMSBURG.

W. H. Moore's.

School shoes
—FOR—
Sunshine or Storm.

School Shoes must be made specially strong to stand the hard service required of them. My School Shoes have been carefully selected to stand the hard service.

Cash buying gives me the best made and enables me to sell them at right prices. Don't fail to see them before buying.

COR. SECOND AND IRON STS.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Visit E. M. Savidge's Store before you select your Xmas Candies.

You will be surprised at his wonderfully low prices for such pure and fine grade of goods.

The 25c. Chocolates and Bon Bons are the peers of others' 40c. grades.

Lowney's celebrated Chocolates and Bon Bons, 50c. and 60c. a lb. No better made.

Mixtures, 10c. to 60c. a lb.

Can supply Sunday Schools with pure and fresh candies.

Prices away below others.

E. M. Savidge,
17 EAST MAIN STREET.

JONAS LONG'S SONS'
WEEKLY CHATS.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.,
Thursday, Dec. 29, 1898.

AT THE BIG STORE.

After Christmas.

Much to Buy and Much to be Saved In a Price Way.

There's a hundred chances to one that you've been a visitor to this store during the holiday season, and there's a great reason for believing that you bought your Christmas presents here. On every train, street car and outgoing transport the majority of the packages and bundles to be seen had the Big Store's wrappings on them. That this is an easy to trade in store is an acknowledged fact. That we are a reliable store has been proven in a thousand ways.

THESE COAT BARGAINS ARE VERY SPECIAL.

The price cutter has commenced reducing prices early, and the result will be quick selling.

At $5.57—Ladies' Plush Capes, full sweep, nicely trimmed with jet and braid.

At $2.98—Children's Reefers. Former prices were $4.50.

At $9.98—Ladies' Tailor-made Jackets, in Tans, Browns, Castors and Black. Former prices were $13 to $16.

At $9.98—Misses' Boncle Jackets, colors Brown, Blue and Black. Sizes 14 to 16 years.

At $12.98—Ladies' Tailor-made Suits of plain cloth and fancy mixtures. Some are tight fitting and others with bix front effects. Former prices were as high as $20.

Dress Goods at 15c. per yard.

At 15c per yard—Cashmere Plaids, 36 inches wide. Price always was 25c.

At 29c per yard—Silk Mixed Dress Plaids. Some in the lot sold as high as 65c.

At 49c per yard—Black Dress Goods. Are exceptional value. At any other time the price would be as much as 75c.

THE FAMOUS QUEEN QUALITY SHOES FOR WOMEN.

At $3.00 per pair.

They are the excellence of fine shoe-making. Hundreds of ladies hereabouts, who have tried them, say they are superior to most $5.00 shoes.

THE BIG STORE'S RESTAURANT.

When you come here again visit our restaurant. You'll find it easy to reach. Take the elevator on main floor. We serve lunches at any time.

Oysters in all styles.

Regular Dinners At 25c.

MAIL ORDERS.

Write us about samples, prices or information on any subject.

Will give your orders our best attention.

Jonas Longs Sons